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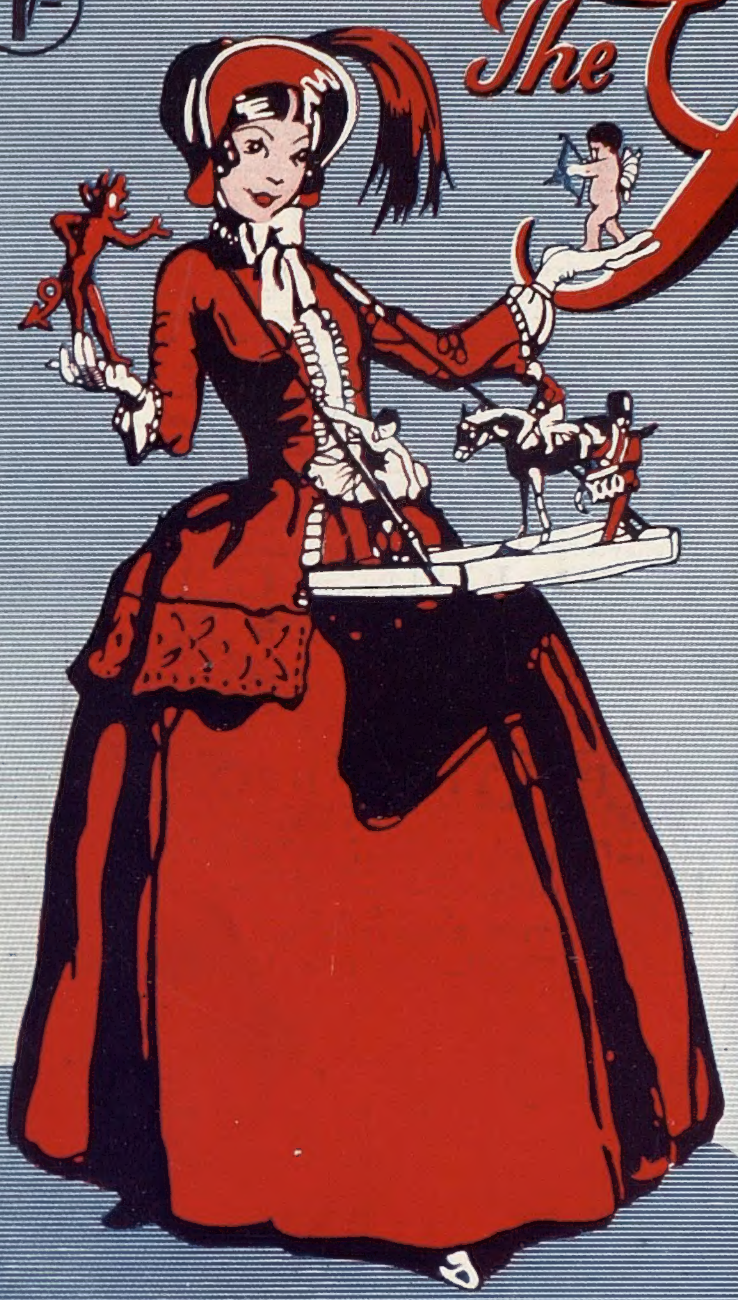

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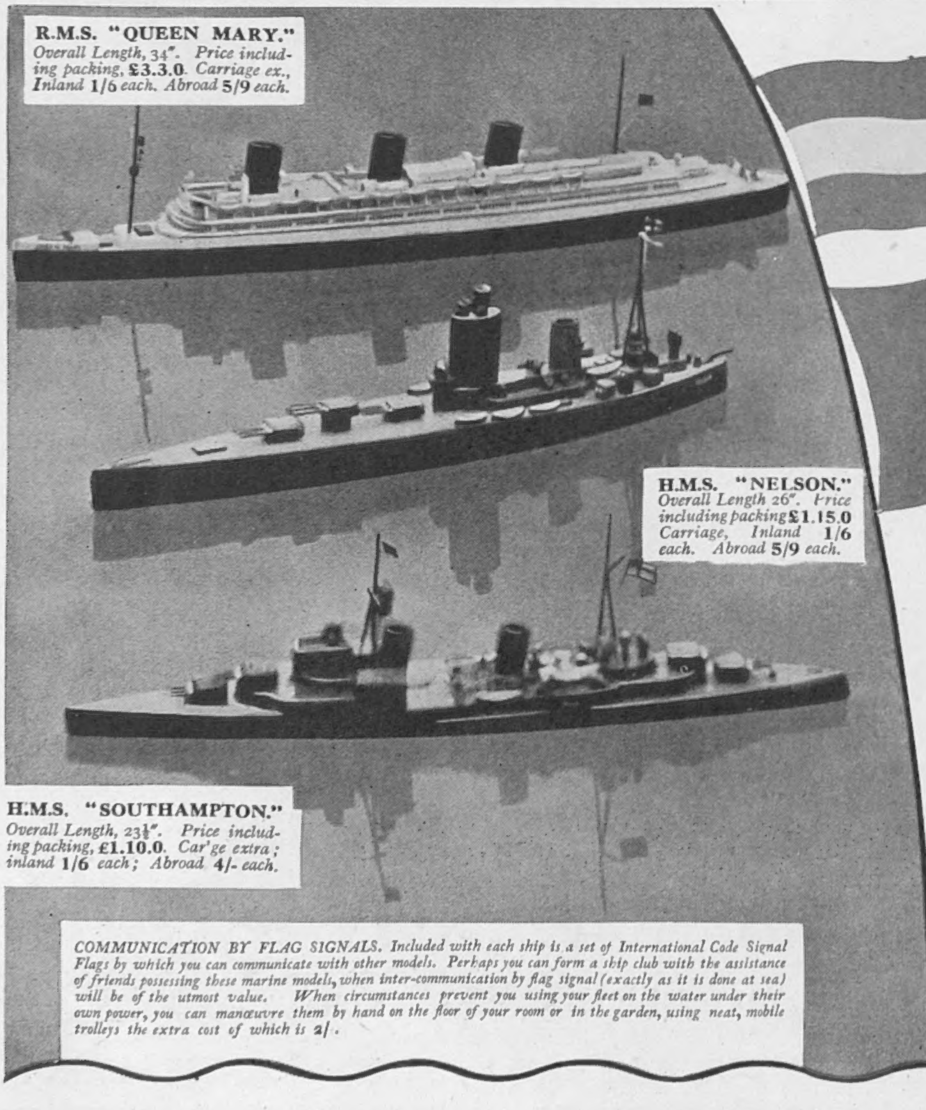

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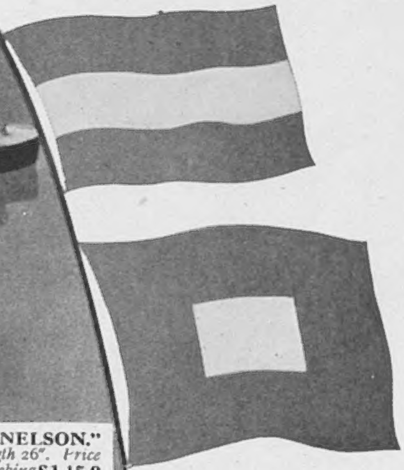

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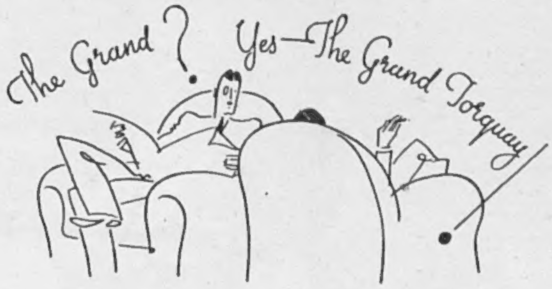


JAMES *Hello, George! You're looking fit. Where on earth have you been this last fortnight?*

GEORGE *Been down at the Grand Hotel, Torquay. Had plenty of golf, tennis, squash, good air . . . and good food.*

JAMES *The G-R-A-N-D, Torquay! But my dear fellow, the food there is so awful that I swore I'd never enter the confounded place again.*

GEORGE *When was it you took this eternal vow?*

JAMES *Oh, just after the war, I believe.*

GEORGE *You vindictive old devil? Do you realise that it is nearly 20 years since the ARMISTICE was signed, and I'd bet when you did go there you had a liver.*

JAMES *Well, I know you're a pretty good judge of decent cooking. I was thinking of going to Torquay for a few weeks this Summer. The Grand is obviously the place to stay—right on the front and on the level. I'll write to them to-day, mentioning your name.*

The GRAND, TORQUAY

Write to R. Paul, Manager, for tariff-brochure and specimen menus. Telephone: Torquay 2234.

The Sketch

No. 2317—Vol. CLXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FAYER OF VIENNA, DORLAND HOUSE.

BEAUTIFUL GARDEN-PARTY CHAIRMAN: LADY MOIRA COMBE.

LADY MOIRA COMBE, *daughter of the late Earl of Clonmell and wife of Lt.-Colonel Henry Christian Seymour Combe, is one of the best-dressed young married women in Society. She recently acted as Chairman of the Garden-Party at Lambeth Palace, in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association, at which Queen Mary received purses.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

A SMALL PLACE.

SMITH, meeting his old college chum, Brown, in Timbuctoo, remarked breezily: "Well, the world is a small place!" Everybody who has met anybody else in Timbuctoo has made the same remark ever since. And now Smith and Brown are saying that the world is getting smaller and smaller. They are quoted to this effect in the newspapers every day; and their shrewd observation is repeated as regularly as a recurring decimal on platforms, in pulpits, in debating societies, and in after-dinner speeches. Distance, instead of lending enchantment to the view, has been wiped out—"annihilated" is the prescribed word, I believe. Whether the universe is expanding or contracting (as learned persons dispute), the terrestrial globe, which is already rather small potatoes in the universe, is said to be shrinking to vanishing-point.

I have not noticed it myself. Wayfaring over various portions of the earth's surface, I have formed the impression that there is still a lot of ground, and even more water, to cover. You can, of course, go "round the world" in very much less than Jules Verne's eighty days; but if you want to *see* anything of the world, even in the most superficial manner, you will have to devote several years of your life to the job, and if you want to *know* the world, your entire span of days will scarcely suffice. It still takes you five or six weeks to plough through the ocean to the Antipodes. You can fly hither and thither, if you are air-minded; but even from an aeroplane the world does not look at all a small place. It seems to me that this globe, which Anatole France once called "a speck of mud lit by a spark of fire," is quite large enough.

In this, I may be quite wrong; but if Smith and Brown, when they say that the world is growing smaller and smaller, mean that it is easier and easier to move about this diminished space, I respectfully differ from them. There are hedges and barriers and barbed-wire fences wherever you turn. Entering a foreign country becomes more and more like a camel passing through the eye of a needle; in fact, you don't enter some countries at all nowadays—you slink into them furtively, an object of suspicion and distrust, and by the time the passport, health, Customs, and immigration authorities have done with you, you feel like a debased hybrid of criminal and leper. Walls everywhere, with broken bottles stuck on them; and some of these walls are built not only to prevent people getting in, but to prevent them getting out. Of all the freaks of modern politics, is there any more deplorable than the fact that whole nations are kept prisoners within their own boundaries? It is the more deplorable, I suggest, because it has been reserved for our highly enlightened age to present this spectacle of mass-imprisonment, which, so far as I know, has never happened in history before. Stone walls do not a prison make, but politics and economics do. The world may be a small place, but the days are gone when you could move about it freely and without fear. The nineteenth century said: *Laissez passer!* The policy had its drawbacks (ask America!); but I am not sure that it was worse than the policy of "Who's that? A stranger? Throw half a brick at him!"

You have to come up to a very high standard if you want to enter even a friendly foreign country like the United States. You are required to fill up a form half a yard long, packed with questions about the most intimate details of your private life. There is no guilty secret of your past, no skeleton in the cupboard, which is not dragged out to the light of day. Here are a few of the questions which you are asked, and, for the sake of intending visitors to America, I add a few suggested answers.

Question: Ever in Prison or Almshouse, or Institution for care or treatment of the insane, or supported by Charity; if so, which? *Answer:* Blackballed for Dartmoor and Hanwell; never supported by Charity, owing to harsh application of Means Test.

Question: Whether a Polygamist? *Answer:* No such luck.

Question: Whether an Anarchist? *Answer:* Rapidly becoming one.

Question: Whether a person who believes in or advocates the overthrow by force or violence of the Government of the United States or all forms of law, etc.? *Answer:* Not until I had to fill up this form.

"Look at your new suit, Spike! Why can't you get over the habit of shooting through your pocket."

DRAWN BY BERRY.

Then there are other pretty little details about the last time you were arrested, excluded, or deported (or all three), and whether you are deformed or crippled, and if so, "nature, length of time, and cause." I don't remember any questions about measles, mumps, and chicken-pox ("if so," as Mark Twain said, "how many?"), but I expect they are there somewhere. By the time you have answered about fifty questions of this kind, you feel like something which has wriggled out from under a flat stone. There is one question which completely baffles my powers of reasoning. "Whether Alien intends to return to country whence he came after engaging temporarily in labouring pursuits in the United States?" Now, suppose you *do* intend to return to the country whence you came, but you have never engaged, and do *not* intend to engage, in labouring pursuits in the United States, will any logician kindly tell me whether the correct answer to this ingenious question is Yes or No?

I am not proud; I am not, I trust, touchy; I do not mind being described bluntly as "the Alien," because I cannot really defend myself on that charge. But I do wish I could convince the Powers of the innocence of my intentions. But perhaps that is asking too much; for if all the Powers could convince each other of the innocence of their intentions, the Golden Age would have come, would it not?

MR. BRISTLEWOOD, OFFERED A DAY ON THE TEST, POLISHES UP HIS CASTING.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

MARIE JACQUELINE, *younger daughter of Mrs. Hope-Nicholson, and* JOYCE, *daughter of Mrs. J. R. Howard.*

MARIDEL, *only daughter of Mrs. Maxwell Chance.*

RAINE, *daughter of Mrs. McCorquodale (Barbara Cartland), as "Canary."*

Right: The HON. SARAH SPENCER CHURCHILL, *daughter of Christine, Viscountess Churchill (whose marriage to Colonel Isham has just taken place), as "Minuet."*

SALLY ANNE, *daughter of the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Vivian.*

The HON. CAROLINE CUST, *daughter of Lord and Lady Brownlow.*

Left: VIRGINIA, *younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Tate, as "Sugar Plum Fairy."*

ANNE, *twin daughter of Mrs. A. H. Holman,* MICHAEL, *son of Mrs.* and COLIN, *son of*

MISS VACANI'S CHILDREN'S DANCING MATINÉE *is an annual event to which everyone looks forward, for the charm and grace of these baby ballerinas of Mayfair are and is under the patronage of H.M. the Queen. The list of patrons also includes other members of the Royal Family and many of the best-known women in society; so it's*

VERY YOUNG MAYFAIR BALLERINAS: SOCIETY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARCUS ADAMS.

ANNE, daughter of Sir James and Lady Dunn, as "Blue Bird."

VISCOUNT STORMONT, son and heir of the Earl of Mansfield, as "Minuet."

ALETHEA, elder daughter of Captain the Hon. Henry Fitzalan-Howard; SONIA, daughter of Mrs. Graham-Hodgson; LAVINIA, only daughter of Lady Moyra Loyd; and LAVINIA, only daughter of Mrs. Audley Baird, in the "Schoolgirl" Ballet.

Left: SIMONE, younger daughter of Mr. Norman Laski, as "Australian Girl."

ELIZABETH, daughter of the Hon. Sir Alexander Hardinge, Private Secretary to the King.

The HON. ALEXANDRA GULLY, elder daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Selby, as "Nursery Rhyme."

Right: MOIRA, only child of Mr. Justice and Lady Langton, as "Limehouse Blues."

Humphrey Tollemache, MARY, twin daughter of Mrs. A. H. Holman, Mrs. Archie Campbell.

delightful. This year the Matinée in aid of the South London Hospital for Women (Children's Ward) is fixed for Wednesday, June 30, at the London Hippodrome, likely that the occasion will be a very brilliant one. On these pages we give some of the talented amateur dancers in the costumes they will wear.

CHILDREN DANCING TO HELP SICK CHILDREN.

THE CHILDREN'S STUDIO, 43, DOVER STREET.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

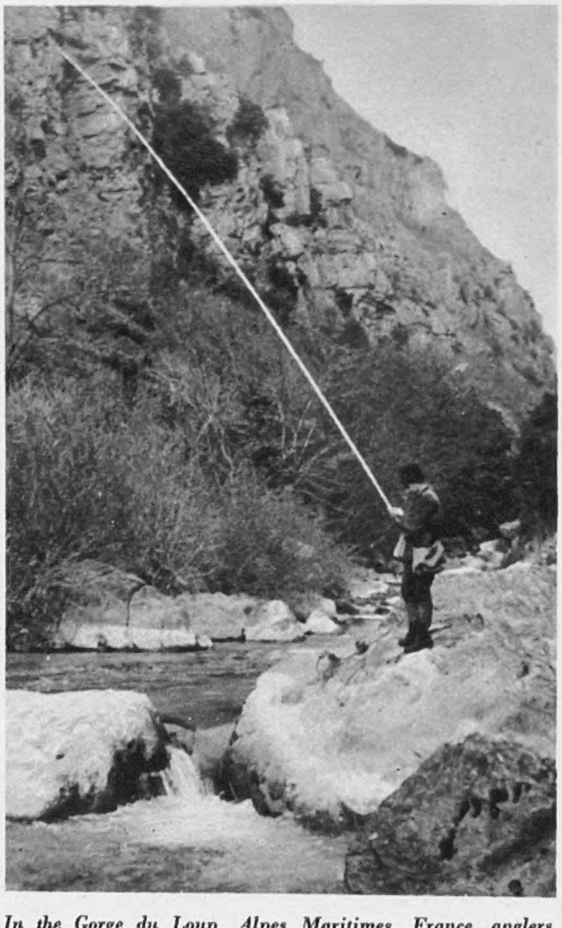
AT the recent casting tournament at Brussels, M. Godart, the Belgian professional, broke the long-standing world's record for trout-fly distance, 44¼ yards, set up in 1902 at San Francisco by W. D. Mansfield. With a light rod, 4½ oz. in weight, M. Godart cast 46 yards 1 ft. 2 in. He very nearly secured the world's record for heavy trout rods, which is held by Mr. Marvin K. Hedge, the American champion, with 50½ yards. In America there is no penalty for touching the water on the back cast as there is in Europe, and although M. Godart actually cast 53¼ yards, his line touched the water slightly on the back cast and the cast was disqualified. At the International Casting Tournament at Paris on July 3 and 4, Mr. Marvin K. Hedge will meet M. Godart, and again at the Southport Tournament on July 9 and 10. The duel between these two holders of world's records should be well worth seeing. Another American, Mr. Art Neu, who is champion fly and bait accuracy caster of the United States, will also compete at the Paris tournament, but I have not heard if he will be at the Southport tournament. While they are over here it seems likely that they may enter for some of our other tournaments—the British Casting Association's tournament at Ranelagh on July 17, and the Usk Valley and Llandrindod Wells tournaments, which take place a week or so later, and indeed I hope they will.

This MAGNIFICENT SALMON, weighing 33 lb., was caught, with four other smaller fish, on the River Tay by Mr. and Mrs. John A. Service. The fish looks as though it would weigh nearly 40 lb.

Professional Fisherman to Champion Caster. Quite an interesting story attaches to the début of M. Godart as champion caster and breaker of a world's record. Particularly interesting in view of the opinion held by some that tournament casting is something quite apart from fishing. Some years ago M. Godart was a professional fisherman who depended for his daily bread on his skill in catching trout. According to Mr. Harold J. Hardy, who told me the story, M. Godart fished with many other professional fishermen, and competition was exceedingly keen. The river on which they fished is a very wide one, and M. Godart soon discovered that covering the same water already fished over by others was unprofitable. By constant practice and spurred on by necessity, he succeeded in obtaining the few extra yards' distance which enabled him to cover unfished water and so increase his catch. Eventually he competed in a casting tournament, and his casting attracted the attention of a representative of one of the English rod-manufacturers, Messrs. C. Farlow & Co. When they supplied him with first-class tournament tackle, M. Godart showed at once that he was an exceptional caster. Since he has taken up salmon-casting he has made rapid progress, and at Brussels, using tackle made by Messrs. Hardy Bros., he won the salmon distance-casting with 51 yards, in addition to his success with the trout rod. In America M. Godart could probably improve on the distances he casts here, as the dry atmosphere is far more favourable for distance casting.

Unpleasant Experience with Swordfish. What must have been an alarming and altogether unpleasant experience befell one of the boatmen in New Zealand while he was removing a hook from a striped marlin. The boatman in question, Mr. Peter Williams, who accompanied Zane Grey to Tahiti, put his hand in the mouth of the swordfish to extract the hook, which was lodged in the throat. As he did so the swordfish closed its mouth and the boatman's arm was drawn right in, nearly up to the armpit. Help was forthcoming immediately and the marlin's jaws were forced apart, releasing the arm unscathed. Mr. Williams managed to get the hook out, despite his predicament. In reporting this incident to the *Auckland Star*, the writer suggested that it illustrated how a swordfish swallows a bait by suction, having no teeth with which to grasp it. In the same article he states that the big-game fishing at the Bay of Islands has been the best since 1926, boats seldom returning without a fish, and in some cases having three or four in a day. Mrs. Ashley Dodd had fifteen fish in a week off the Cavalli Islands.

A Rival to Loch Leven. From May 27 to June 8, in eleven fishing days, two boats on Loch Spean have accounted for 454 trout, weighing 342 lb. The best day produced eighty-eight trout, 67 lb. 2 oz., and other days of seventy-four trout and sixty-four trout are included in the total. The average weight of the trout is ¾ lb., and fish of from 1 lb. to 3 lb. were frequently caught. The discovery of this new loch was reported to me by Mr. James Hardie, of Dundee, who organizes the Novelty Competition on Loch Leven, in which all competitors use the same patterns of flies. It will be seen that I referred to this "new" loch as Loch Spean, which is the name now given to the Loch Laggan dam, formed three years ago by the British Aluminium Co. by damming the River Spean, which flows out of Loch Laggan and is also connected to Loch Treig. As arable land was flooded when the dam was made, this has produced rich feeding grounds, which have attracted trout from both Loch Treig and Loch Laggan. Mr. Hardie states that the trout-fishing is equal to Loch Leven at its best, and probably superior at present, as the large trout are free risers. Needless to say, the discovery within the past few weeks of this exceptional fishing has aroused great interest. For some years, at any rate, this virgin loch, 2½ miles in length, should continue to provide first-class sport. Mr. Hardie states that there are two distinct types of trout, and he thinks there is no doubt that the large type of fish are from Loch Treig, which is one of the deepest lochs in Scotland. All the fish are in excellent condition and fight like sea-trout, according to Mr. Hardie.



In the Gorge du Loup, Alpes Maritimes, France, anglers use LONG RODS which look strange to British eyes.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

While fishing the River Erne at Belleek on June 5, Mr. Frank E. B. Jackson caught on artificial mayfly a fine trout of 7 lb. Scale reading shows that this trout was eleven or twelve years old.

Longman's are publishing, before the end of this month, a book dealing with every conceivable method of fly fishing for salmon. It is written by an angler who has thirty years' experience, and will be called "Flying Salmon"—a title which possibly the author may explain.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

GOOD SPORT ON A FAMOUS SCOTTISH RIVER.

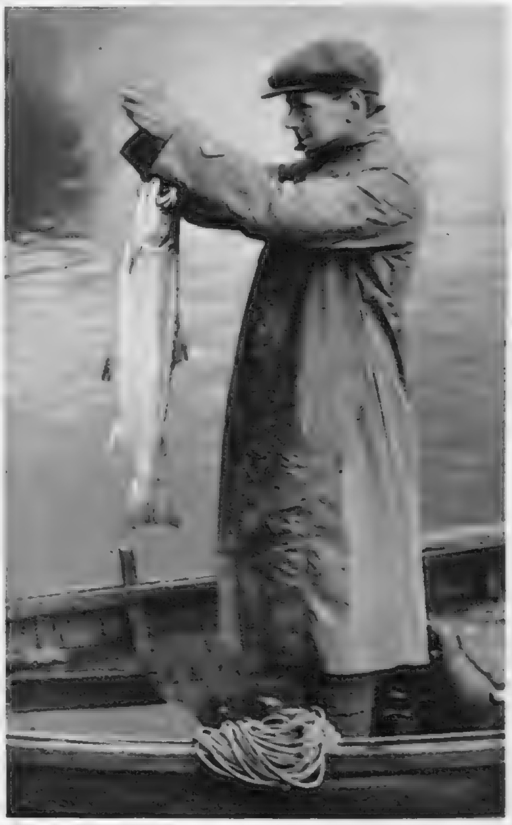
The HON. MRS. ROGERS *is one of the anglers who have recently been fishing the Tweed.*

The COUNTESS OF LAUDERDALE *is an accomplished fisherwoman, and is seen with a good catch.*

SIR HAROLD BOWDEN, BT., *looks pleased with this good salmon.*

The HON. GEORGE HOME, *youngest son of the Earl of Home, with four good fish.*

SIR SIDNEY SITWELL *has just killed this fresh-run fish.*



The HON. EDWARD HOME, *fourth son of the Earl of Home, weighing a fish.*

The MARCHIONESS OF TWEEDDALE *fishing near Kelso. She is the wife of the eleventh Marquess.*

GENERAL G. TROTTER *with six fine fish killed at Kelso. His dog looks as pleased as he does.*

ROYAL LADIES AND OTHER GUESTS AT THE GARTER SERVICE.

LADY MAY ABEL-SMITH, *daughter of H.R.H. Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, brought her little boy,* RICHARD, *to the Garter Service. Lord Athlone is a Knight of the Garter.*

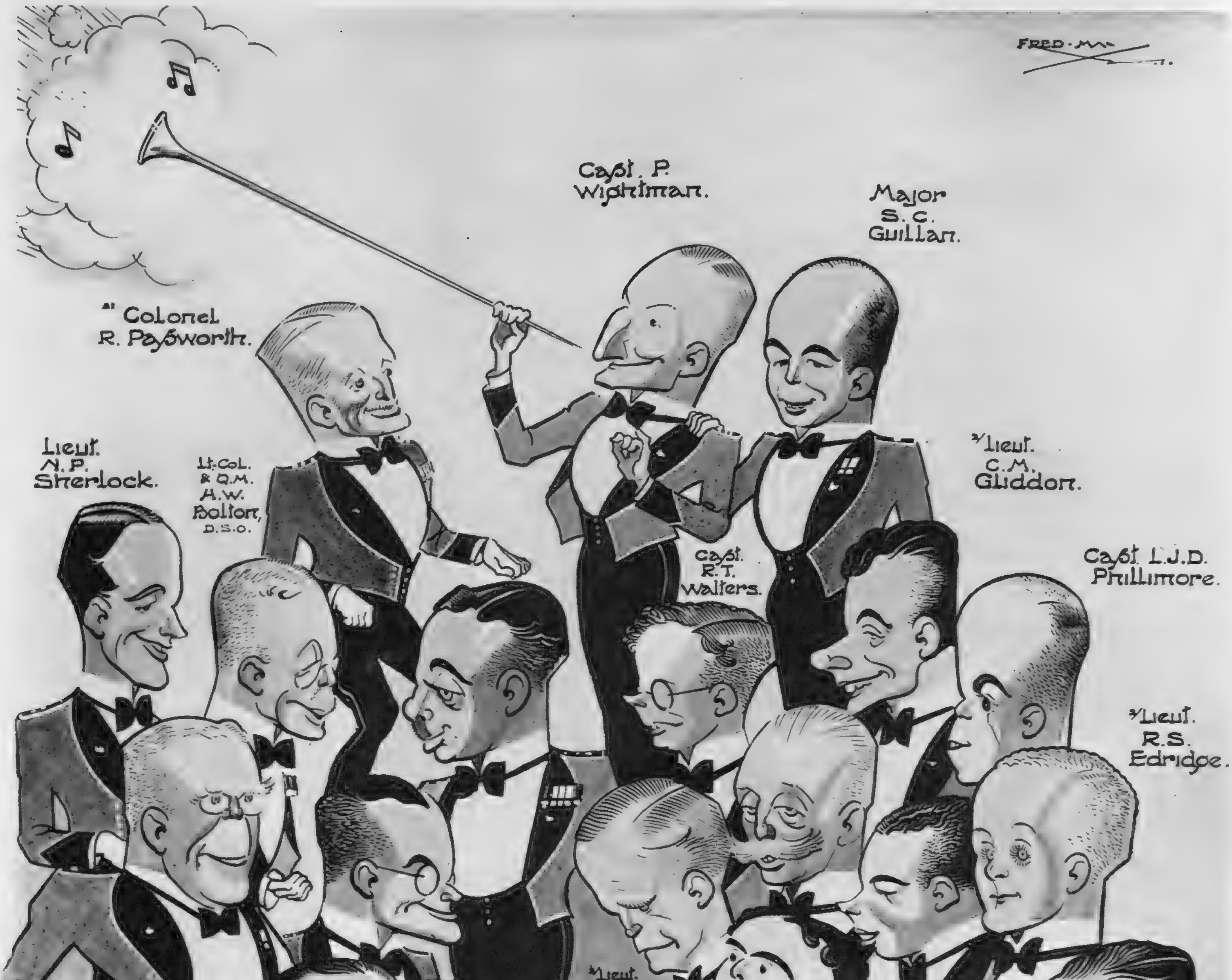
The HON. CHARLES *and* MRS. WOOD *are seen leaving St. George's Chapel. Mr. Wood's father, Viscount Halifax, is a Knight of the Garter.*

LADY HAMBLEDEN, *daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, brought* LAURA. *Lady Hambleden is a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen.*

The COUNTESS OF DURHAM *was one of the guests in the Chapel.*

LADY BELPER, *stepmother of the Duchess of Norfolk, arriving at the Chapel.*

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL, H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, *and* H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *(l. to r.); and (in front)* H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET *and* H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *walked from the Castle to St. George's Chapel.*



THE 4TH QUEEN'S AND THEIR LAMB.

The 4TH BN. THE QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT (WEST SURREY), T.A., *recently dined-out Colonel Papworth, dining-in the new C.O., Colonel Hughes (Common Serjeant at the House of Commons) at the same time. It started life as a volunteer company raised in Croydon in 1859. For both badge and mascot it has a lamb; hence Fred May's graphic allusion. It has a grand war record. Colonel Papworth left the regiment during the war, commanded a battalion of the Machine Gun Corps with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and returned, with a D.S.O., to be Q.M. Captain Wightman is rather adept with the post-horn!*

HELEN JACOBS ON CHAMPIONS.

THE METHODS OF THE STARS.

It has been a cause of speculation to the followers of lawn tennis in England for some time that their players remain on more or less the same plane, once they rise to prominence. Of recent years there has been but one exception to the rule — Fred Perry. Even when Dorothy Round won Wimbledon in 1934, it was doubted whether she was any better than Kay Stammers. No one doubted that she reached an unprecedented height in the final round at Wimbledon, but neither before nor after that did she reproduce such form.

" Bunny " Austin, moved to supreme effort in the Davis Cup matches by the example set by Fred Perry and by the hope of at last winning the famous trophy, surpassed any performance he had ever before given, and became from then on one of the greatest Davis Cup players in the world. The fortnight-long tournament he has appeared to find too strenuous for the production of his best game in the last rounds.

Methodical Attention to Detail.

If one excludes Mrs. Godfree and the players of her time, there has been no one but Fred Perry to hold the English standard aloft with any great consistency. It used to be argued that the reason for this was the all-round athletic-mindedness of English sportsmen and women. That argument does not hold now, because England has become more tennis-conscious than ever and the tennis players are painstakingly specialising in the game. I think the real reason lies in the method of practice. There are few outstanding players in England who go about practice with the methodical attention to detail which characterises that of the American players. Most of the English players, men and women, play from two to four sets in practice. They try to win those matches and gauge their games according to the showing they make. Actually, this kind of practice has little real value, for only during the tournament season should players subject themselves to the strain of playing to the score.

The U.S. Davis Cup team arrived in this country on board the s.s. " Columbus." Here they are at Plymouth, with DONALD BUDGE, FRANK PARKER, SAYNE SABIN, GENE MAKO, *and* BRYANT GRANT*; from left to right.*

Stroke-, not Score,-conscious.

On the other hand, the practice months of Donald Budge, Frank Parker (and formerly of Ellsworth Vines) are devoted to the practise of strokes from every conceivable position in the court. They familiarise themselves with every type of spin, with every difficulty arising from awkward placement. They may serve all one day and hit nothing but forehands the next. They may play the game called " errors," but they do not put themselves in the position of trying to win when it means nothing. Consequently, when they enter competition they are less score-conscious and more stroke-conscious.

Last season, during one of the early tournaments, Anita Lizana defeated Dorothy Round. Dorothy became unreasonably pessimistic about her chances at Wimbledon, as if the two tournaments had any connection. However, she put herself in the hands of an excellent professional, who proceeded to start her at the beginning. She didn't play a single point. She merely practised strokes, and when next she met Anita Lizana she won easily. That should have been a lesson to all English players. When Kay Stammers arrived from England for the American tournaments last summer she couldn't hit a forehand. One of the professionals at the West Side Tennis Club practised with her every day, and never allowed her to play a game until he was satisfied that her forehand was again functioning as it should. It ought not to be necessary for a professional to make this suggestion. It is the obvious solution.

U.S.A. Specialised Training.

There is as much real tennis talent in England as there is in the United States, and yet we have been able to produce winning Wightman Cup teams eight times to England's four. Every member of our team practises strokes for a certain period of time every year, forgetting all about scores and matches. The promising young players emulate this method, and when one of our regular team members drops out there is always someone ready to take her place.

England and the United States have both concentrated assiduously upon the development of their Davis Cup teams. America is more fortunate than England, with more players from whom to draw, and those players under specialised training. It is a common sight to see Donald Budge and Gene Mako stand opposite each other at the service lines and practise volleys for an hour. It is a rare sight in England. I used to watch Ellsworth Vines do nothing but return service for well over an hour, and when he won at Wimbledon, making ace after ace off good services, the spectators were astonished. Yet to him it was only the continuation of routine work.

The Problem of Replacing Perry.

It should not be as difficult as it is for England to find a player to replace Fred Perry—not necessarily to be as good as he is, for his game amounts to genius, but to be somewhere near his class. During the years that " Bunny " Austin and Fred Perry were leading England's teams, there seemed to be no one with the determination to prepare himself, during the ascendency of these two great players, to step into the shoes of one of the champions when he retired.

It has been somewhat the same story with the women players since the reign of Kay Stammers and Dorothy Round. It is their method that is wrong and until they improve upon it, I do not see how there will develop among them champions who rise out of sheer work and determination, as, for instance, Vines, Budge, and Alice Marble have done, and others in the United States are now doing. If England must wait for another tennis genius her predicament will not be a happy one. I do not advocate any method at the expense of individuality. It is unnecessary to make such a sacrifice. Some players thrive on continual play ; others grow stale with too much tennis. Donald Budge now practises very little during the winter ; Fred Perry plays constantly. They arrive at approximately the same result. If I played tennis all year long I should be sick of the game by the time the season began, so I hunt during the winter. But the point which I wish to make is that when a player *does* practise, it should be analytical, conscientious, and not over-done.

DAN MASKELL, *the Wimbledon coach, was photographed giving* MISS MARY HARDWICK *and* MISS KAY STAMMERS *(right) a practical illustration in the correct method of delivering a half-volley. Wimbledon was due to start on Monday last, June 21, so, naturally, practise last week was intensive.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

DAUGHTER OF A SULTAN; DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE NIZAM.

HER HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF BERAR *is one of the most beautiful of the distinguished Indian visitors who are in London for Coronation Season. She is a daughter of the ex-Sultan of Turkey and wife of the Prince of Berar, eldest son and heir of H.H. the Nizam of Hyderabad and Commander-in-Chief of his father's army, which consists of more than thirty regiments. The Princess of Berar recently accompanied her husband when he laid the foundation-stone of the new mosque in Kensington, and was at Ranelagh to see Bhopal win the Ranelagh Open Polo Cup.*

BHOPAL WINS THE RANELAGH OPEN CUP:

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN *(left), who plays back for Adsdean, is seen at Ranelagh with the* EARL OF PORTARLINGTON *and* H.R.H. THE INFANTA CRISTINA OF SPAIN *after the semi-final of the Ranelagh Open Cup, in which Bhopal beat Adsdean.*

Right: The DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE *watched the final, in which Bhopal beat the Jaguars.*

CAPTAIN H. C. WALFORD, *during an interval,*

The PRINCESS OF NEPAL *watched the game with* MRS. ALLISTER MAYNARD *and a friend.*

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN *presented the cup to the Bhopal team, which beat the Jaguars by 8 goals to 3. The members of the team are (l. to r.)* MAJOR C. E. PERT, CAPTAIN H. C. WALFORD, RAO RAJA HANUT SINGH, *and* RAJ KUMAR PRITHI SINGH.

VISCOUNT COWDRAY *and* MR. *and* MRS. NIGEL SEELY *are seen discussing the semi-final.*

NOTABLE POLO PLAYERS AND SPECTATORS.

who plays back for Bhopal, with MRS. WALFORD.

Left: LORD RODERICK PRATT, younger son of Marquess Camden, sat on the stand next to LADY MARY ROSE FITZROY to see Bhopal win.

LADY KEMBALL COOK, *the Russian-born wife of Sir Basil Kemball Cook, wore a big-brimmed hat.*

LADY ZIA WERNHER *was a spectator at the exciting semi-final.*

LADY VIOLET VERNON *(younger daughter of the Earl of Cromer) and* MISS PAMELA SCHREIBER *(daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Schreiber) were spectators at the final.*

H.H. THE PRINCESS OF BERAR *(centre) is seen with* MISS CECILY NELSON *and (right)* MISS BEE BATLIVALA.

TALES WITH A STING.

VANITY.

By HAROLD RAE.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

JIMMY MOPSFORD stifled a yawn as he met the eyes of the girl about to sit down at the next table. "A peach!" was his mental description, and he allowed a certain practised gleam to creep into his eyes.

To his great astonishment the look was absolutely wasted. It had never failed before; that is, it had never failed to bring some sort of response from which Jimmy could take his cue.

From this you will gather that Jimmy was by no means an unattractive young man. His police dossier read: "Height, 5 ft. 9 in.; Hair, mid-brown; Eyes, blue; Distinguishing marks, *et cetera*, none; House-breaking and burglary; Usually works alone." All of which hardly does justice to the almost perfectly dressed young man who sat toying with a cup of coffee in one of London's chain restaurants at 3.30 in the afternoon.

He ventured another look and appeared to meet the grey-blue eyes half-way. Jimmy actually felt himself blushing, and dropped his eyes to his cup again. He had never in his life met eyes quite so penetrating.

A shadow darkened his table. "Haven't we met before?"

Jimmy looked up and scrambled to his feet.

"I . . . I . . ." he gulped into the grey-blue eyes.

"I said—hadn't we met before," she repeated, drawing out the chair opposite. "May I?"

Jimmy struggled to regain his composure. There could be no doubt that the girl was mistaking him for someone else.

"I——I don't think we have met." His care with the aspirate made the words sound staccato. "What will you have?"

"Coffee with whipped cream, please," the girl smiled to the waitress. Then, leaning across the table, her eyes searched his face, and Jimmy was suddenly aware of a twinkle he hadn't noticed before. "I can't quite remember—was it Cannes or Deauville?"

Jimmy thought, "If she had said Pentonville she'd be nearer the mark. Wonder what her game is?"

He said, "Perhaps if you told me your name, Miss . . ."

"Saunders—Elizabeth Saunders! Doesn't that help, Mister . . ."

"Mopsford — Jimmy Mopsford!" he supplied. "No, Miss Saunders, I can't recollect ever having met you before."

He stopped to gaze into her widening eyes and had a strong feeling that he was being strung along—in other words, he, the expert, had been "clicked." The thought brought the second flush to his cheeks within five minutes.

"Such a beautiful watch!"

He almost choked into his coffee. Instinctively he glanced quickly round the room. But there was no one within the immediate vicinity who in any way resembled a "busy." He was a damned fool wearing the watch, anyway, he realised, but he just couldn't help himself. It was too "hot" to fence and too good to scrap. One thing sure—it was helping him make a hit with the girl. What if she was a gold-digger? He knew how to handle them when it came to a show-down—trust Jimmy Mopsford!

"Like it?" His voice was quite casual.

"Goo!" Wide-eyed, she pulled his wrist nearer. "Platinum?"

"Yep!" What a change, Jimmy thought, not the same girl. Just an ordinary everyday "gimme - gimme - gimme" after all. Slick, though, darned slick!

A solid gold cigarette case appeared in his hand. "This'll just about make her sit up and beg," he thought. "She'll think I'm rolling in it before I've finished with her."

"Cigarette?" He was disappointed, however, when she accepted the cigarette and a light as a matter of course, then sank back with a sigh of contentment. The cigarette case and the watch were part of the previous night's spoils.

"Say," he said, "you're pretty smart, aren't you?"

She blew a cloud of smoke across the table. Her eyes were half-closed. "Think so?"

"Sure I think so!" Jimmy was becoming enthusiastic, despite himself. "That gag of yours, pretending you knew me, for instance."

"Well—isn't that what you wanted? If I had given you the least encouragement you would have been trying the same—er—gag with me." She was most disconcertingly frank. "Well, Jimmy, what's the next move? A walk in the park or a picture show?"

Crikey, was she a fast worker! Maybe a picture show would be best. So long as he didn't fall asleep, he thought, stifling a yawn.

She caught the strained expression on his face and ground her cigarette in the ash-tray.

"Late last night, Jimmy?"

"Rather!" he grinned, and wondered just how wide her eyes would open if he told her that fourteen hours ago he had been sweating cold sweat over the combination lock on a safe at the other side of London.

"Well—I'll promise to get you off to bed early to-night, Jimmy. Have you seen 'Calling all Cars,' at the Troxy?"

Jimmy shuddered. "No—I . . ."

"Then let's go there. I adore gangster pictures—don't you?"

Jimmy signed to the waitress.

Outside, she caught hold of his arm possessively and continued her conversation of the tea-room.

"I wonder if American police cars do make all that row when they go tearing through the streets. One would think that they were trying to warn the crooks."

Wishing in his heart that she'd change the topic, Jimmy agreed that perhaps crime would be the worse of a silent mobile police in the States.

"Like ours, Jimmy—you never know when they are about."

Suddenly her arm stiffened in his. "Oh, look!" she almost shouted. "There goes one now—a police car!"

She had pulled him to the edge of the pavement and was pointing with unconcealed excitement across the street. Jimmy spun her roughly back, but not before he had seen the red face of Detective-Sergeant Mason glaring at the girl.

"Come on!" He almost dragged her along the pavement. "We'll take a taxi!"

Perhaps he had only imagined that look of recognition on the sergeant's face. Instinct told him to beat it, but the drag on his arm convinced him that there would be a "scene," and the last thing he wanted was to draw unnecessary attention to himself.

A taxi swung towards them, but a long, low car beat it to the kerb. Mason, despite his bulk, was out in a jiffy.

"Hullo, Jimmy!" he greeted, "taking the girl friend for a walk?" They bundled him unceremoniously into the car before he could answer.

"What's the game?" he demanded, as they swerved into the line of traffic.

Mason addressed himself to the "girl friend," who, Jimmy found time to notice, had slipped into the seat beside the driver.

"What's the charge, Sergeant?"

Sergeant Saunders replied, without turning her head:

"Keeping late hours and doing last night's West End job. He's wearing the watch and I've smoked a cigarette from the case. I expect he's got the rest of the stuff on him."

"How did you spot him?"

"I didn't—he spotted me and stood me a cup of coffee. Then I saw the watch—it's rather distinctive, you know! By the way, Sergeant, I promised Jimmy I'd get him off to bed early to-night. You'll see to that for me, won't you?"

"Sure—I'll tuck him in all nice and comfy, eh, Jimmy?" Jimmy stifled a yawn.

"Gor blimey!" he muttered, and for the rest of the journey sat glaring, almost without resentment, at the slim shoulders in the front seat. Somehow he had always imagined that a female "busy" wore a stiff collar and laced boots. [THE END.

** All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

MERLE OBERON GOES TO BALLET SCHOOL.

MISS MERLE OBERON, *the British screen star, has to take the part of a prima ballerina in her new Technicolor picture,* " RED SHOES," *which she is due to start on July 1. In order to play the rôle satisfactorily, she is having ballet lessons and is here seen at the practice bar and under instruction. The film is to be directed by Ludwig Berger for London Film Productions.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The marriage of MR. ROGER PERCIVAL, *son of Prebendary and Mrs. L. J. Percival, of St. James's Palace, to* MISS BARBARA WILLOUGHBY, *eldest daughter of Commander A. M. Willoughby and of Mrs. Peter Warren, took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.*

If Ascot week in Coronation Season had not been something pretty big from the social point of view, we *should* have felt let down! But all was well; things went with the full-speed rush we expected, the Enclosure was as crowded as we anticipated—though on the first day the dresses were neater and trimmer than usual—and the weather, though not as royal as it might have been, contrived to hold up in a gentlemanly manner. Neither rain-storms nor hurricanes swept the Heath, Paddock, and Enclosure, and only two or three cart-wheel hats blew off, and were soon retrieved.

Actually the congestion in the Enclosure on the Tuesday was unusual on the opening day, but heartening, for everyone was delighted to think that Coronation Ascot had special attractions.

. . . .

The first impression I received on seeing the royal party was of glorious youth. The Queen looked particularly well and extremely young in her white dress of the first day, and all the members of the royal party had a gay, summery air and seemed full of *joie de vivre.* It was nice to see the King and Queen in the Paddock watching one of the parades; and the royal Dukes and their Duchesses went backwards and forwards a good deal. I thought that the Duchess of Gloucester's dark French blue dress was extremely smart, and I liked her felt hat of inverted "soup plate" shape, turned right back off her charming, smiling face. The Duchess of Kent's pale ice-blue hat, with a long veil at one side, was very new and had that air of perfect *chic* which we associate with her Royal Highness's costumes on every occasion.

. . . . . .

Counting the Duchesses at Ascot would be almost as good a way of getting off to sleep as counting the traditional flock of sheep going through a gate, though the former were real, of course! All their Graces seemed to be there, including our two youngest and most sport-conscious, the Duchess of Norfolk (a member of the Windsor Castle party) and the Duchess of Roxburghe. The former, giving a lead to sensible good taste, was one of the most simply dressed women present. She had an *imprimé* in blue and white, and a perfectly plain dark coat and simple straw hat *en suite*; while I thought that the Duchess of Roxburghe was very attractive in pale blue, with one of the popular, very tiny skull-caps on her dark hair.

Lady Baldwin was in her usual place near the winning-post. I could not help wondering if all her immense circle of friends have succeeded in accustoming their tongues to referring to her by her new title. She carried a sunshade, but did not need to put it up, for the sun was not really strong. The Duchess of Kent was at one time engaged in a long talk with Princess Bagration, the Russian girl who is going about so much in society this season. They were evidently enjoying the conversation, as both were laughing with obvious amusement.

. . . .

First-day fashions from the course include the popularity of those nice, cool, open-work shoes; the amount of butterflies to be seen—not, of course, fluttering round the trees and flowers, but in the hats of the women. Lady Zetland had a flight of pink and blue ones to go with her printed dress.

Mrs. Frank Shuttleworth was talking about her charming girl, Anne Campbell, and said she has so many great friends in Austria that she hates to leave it, and is immensely enthusiastic about the country—like so many English girls. Lady Louth had news of the approaching marriage of her son, Sir John Prichard-Jones, whose wedding to Miss Heather Nugent is fixed for July 31, in Ireland, at the parish church of the bride's home, Donore, County Westmeath. Miss Nugent is a daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Nugent, and comes from one of the old Catholic families of the Emerald Isle. Her mother was Miss Eileen O'Malley and is a sister-in-law of Mrs. Middleton O'Malley-Keyes, who is so well known at Biarritz. Sir John Prichard-Jones is hoping that many of his English friends will be in Ireland for the Dublin Horse Show, and will thus be able to come to his wedding. He has kept his horses in Ireland for several seasons, and met his bride in the hunting field.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING, *Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Her Majesty the Queen, Lady of the Garter, and Knights of the Garter walked in procession from Windsor Castle to St. George's Chapel for the Service of the Order. The Queen and Queen Mary are the only two Ladies of the Garter. The Queen, like Queen Mary, wore her Garter on the left arm, above the elbow. When Queen Victoria first became Sovereign of the Order, she wore it on her left wrist, and only occasionally wore it above the elbow.*

. . .

On Hunt Cup day the Enclosure pack was even closer than usual. Everyone was bemoaning the slow progress in getting to Ascot. Lady Monsell and her party came up from Dumbleton by their usual route, starting at their accustomed time, but did not reach the course until the procession and the first race were over!

The French officers who came over to compete at Olympia made a brave show in their uniforms; but politicians and diplomats were too busy over world affairs to be able to come racing, and few of them were about. The Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Edwards were exceptions, for I saw them leaving the Royal Box after lunching with the King and Queen—she very smart in black, with touches of "dusty" pink.

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The way the King and Queen and all the members of the royal party came out into the Paddock made Ascot very exciting. The Queen looked specially well on Hunt Cup day, in her blush-rose pink frock and hat to match, trimmed with a pink feather, and the Duchess of Kent's black and white ensemble was much admired. She wore the most lovely feather brooch of rubies and diamonds on one lapel of her black faille coat—a most original "buttonhole"—and had a long chat with Lord and Lady Feversham in the Paddock. Count and Countess Paul Munster were in deep conversation with the Duke of Kent for some time, too. Everyone was remarking on how much the King seemed to be enjoying the meeting. He looked so well and was very animated, talking to members of the royal party and taking a great interest in the racing.

H.M. QUEEN MARY, *one of the only two Ladies of the Garter, on her way to the Chapel, preceded by* T.R.H. THE DUKES OF GLOUCESTER *(left) and* KENT.

The general effect of the day was that women had played for safety over dress, and, though it did not rain until the very end, I'm sure the new simplicity of attire must have made it all the more fun for us girls. Lady Guthrie's big red cart-wheel hat was one of the dress thrills; the Begum Aga Khan's red and white ensemble, with red hat, shoes *and* gloves, and a mink coat, was about the "top" in *chic*; and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys was well turned out in pale grey with mauve orchids.

. . . . . .

Lady Susan Askew was one of the happiest people at Ascot when I met her. She had contrived to equip herself with a lucky pencil—just an ordinary one to look at, but endowed with special virtues, as she said she was sure it was responsible for finding her eight winners in two days! I hope it kept up the good work throughout the week. Lady Susan would not part with it, but lent it for a minute or two to Mrs. George Lambton. Another short note from the course was that the Alake of Abeokuta attended Royal Ascot without his umbrella. This is not a tribute to his faith in our climate, but merely that he felt his huge red velvet State umbrella held over him by an attendant would occupy too much room in the crowded Enclosure, so he very kindly decided to divest himself of this usual piece of pageantry.

. . . . . .

London is known to be a city of balletomanes, but surely even our passion for this most highly civilised form of entertainment will be sufficiently catered for this season! We are just now enjoying de Basil Ballet, combined with Grand Opera at Covent Garden, a form of art which appeals to the King and Queen, as they selected "Prince Igor" as the opera they wished to see when they go to Covent Garden to-night, June 23; and Queen Mary chose to hear Gluck's "Orphée," revived after seventeen years and presented with ballet, and followed by "Le Beau Danube," to round off the evening perfectly on Thursday last. The Blum Ballet is at the London Coliseum, and the Philadelphia Ballet Company opened on June 15 at the London Hippodrome, just to show us that a form of art devised for the Romanoffs has taken root in the Home of the Brave and the Land of the Free. A large and enthusiastic audience assembled for the première of this New World company in an Old World art. They chose "Moment Romantique" for their opening number. This is really our old friend "Les Sylphides" very slightly changed in grouping and with less dancing and more posing. There are also more male dancers—a characteristic expression of the American national spirit, for they have much less to do and, with true U.S.A. chivalry, leave all the limelight for the women. Next came "Barn Dance," in which the company romped to a good purpose. This is a most spirited item, and the children, the farmers, the young girls, and especially Dorothie Littlefield as the Light Maiden, and Thomas Cannon as the City Slicker, showed great verve in their dancing. The programme ended with "Terminal," a gay extravaganza of an American railway station and the various types seen there.

MRS. WALTER STEWART-ROBERTS *(left)*, MISS BETTY COBHAM *(centre)*, *and* MISS ANGELA TOD *as "Springtime," by Feuerbach, from the National Gallery, Berlin. They will appear in this Tableau Vivant in "A Picture Gallery Come to Life," at Grosvenor House on June 30.*

. . . . . .

I cannot help wondering why Gluck's "Orphée" is so rarely given, for it contains some of the most beautiful music ever written. Queen Mary attended the single performance and came with Lady Maud and Lord Carnegie and the Dowager Lady Airlie, who used a pocket torch to study the programme, as, like many of us, she must have been unfamiliar with the opera.

Though perhaps not an ideal performance, it was a delightful experience to hear this opera, and the ballet was no mean feature of the new production, with the French tenor, Burdino, in the title-rôle, and Maggie Teyte as Eurydice. The scenery and costumes by Dr. Emil Preetorius were successful, though perhaps too romantic a note for this purely classical work was sometimes struck.

We have all criticised the de Basil Ballet on occasion, but when they return after a year's absence the joy of seeing artists who really *can* dance is overwhelming! "Orphée," as I said, was followed by "Le Beau Danube," that gem of the repertoire, and *did* we applaud Massine when he appeared! The royal party remained to the end, and the house contained a number of ballet "fans," like Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell and Lady Colefax—in royal blue for Coronation season; opera "regulars," such as Lady Cunard, Lady Alice Mahon, and Baron Franckenstein, and quite a number of other distinguished persons whose efforts at Ascot had not proved too exhausting to allow them to enjoy the more intellectual pleasures offered at Covent Garden.

The COUNTESS OF DUNMORE *will appear as "Whistler's Mother" in the Tableaux Vivants, "A Picture Gallery Come to Life," to be held at Grosvenor House on June 30 in aid of the Council for the Promotion of Occupational Industries Among the Physically Handicapped.*

. . . . . .

Ascot week in London started off with two good dances—those given by Mrs. Keith Mason, daughter-in-law of Lord Blackford; and the joint entertainment "thrown" by Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston and Mrs. Wallace Kirk. This was for Miss Culbertson, who, though no relation of the Bridge expert, may be said to have had a Strong Two from the Social Convention point of view in the hostesses who entertained for her! The dance was an excellent one, and you can judge of the grandeur of the arrangements when I mention that orchids adorned the supper-tables. Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston practically always wears white in the evening, and did not depart from this custom at her ball. Her snowy satin dress was worn with her emerald and diamond necklace; and her co-hostess, Mrs. Wallace Kirk, was in grey tulle, while Miss Culbertson was the classic "deb." in white net. Decorative young-marrieds were there as well as good-looking girls.—MARIEGOLD.

MISS DIANA BARNATO *as "The Novel," by Alfred Stevens, as she will appear in "A Picture Gallery Come to Life," at Grosvenor House on June 30. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent has promised to attend.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO–

PEPITO *(here seen with his owner,* MR. JACK LYSAGHT)—FOR EXERCISING BY RUNNING UP AND DOWN HIS OWN TAIL.

MISS HAZEL PRITCHARD—FOR SAVING HER FIANCÉ'S LIFE IN QUEENSLAND WHILE PLAYING CRICKET AGAINST ENGLAND AT NORTHAMPTON.

THIS RETIRING BATSMAN AT THE CREMORE CLUB, DUBLIN—FOR GETTING THE BIRD FOR GETTING A DUCK.

MISS KATHLEEN LAURIE—FOR WINNING THE BANCROFT GOLD MEDAL BY BEING ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[illegible] ZIA WERNHER—FOR WINNING £7700 AT ASCOT, THANKS TO HER PRECIPITATION.

PEPITO, the Brazilian monkey belonging to Mr. Jack Lysaght, does not require a gymnasium, trapezes or even trees to exercise on. All it needs is that its master shall hold up its tail; and Pepito then does its daily dozen by climbing up and down.

MISS HAZEL PRITCHARD, a member of the Australian Women's Cricket team, is engaged to Mr. Leslie Scanlan, who is at present at home in Australia. He wished to hear the broadcast of the Northampton Test match in which his fiancée was playing, so set his alarm clock for 1.30 a.m. (local time), at which hour he hoped to listen-in for the account of the match. When the alarm awakened him he found his bedroom filled with smoke and realised the hotel was on fire. He was able to effect his escape and to rouse the other occupants.

INSTEAD of the usual "nought" (or duck's egg), a figure of the bird itself is used on the scoreboard at Cremore Club, Dublin.

MISS KATHLEEN LAURIE won the Bancroft Medal at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art for her performance in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

LADY ZIA WERNHER made racing history by winning the Ascot Gold Cup with her Precipitation, this being the first time that a woman has won this prize (this year worth £7700) since the occasion, thirty-seven years ago, on which Merman, owned by "Mr. Jersey" (Mrs. Langtry), did so.

MISS PAULINE GOWER, the airwoman, opened the Flying School for Birds, initiated by Miss Margaret Bradish, of the R.S.P.C.A. The object is to re-teach to fly birds which have, on account of illness or injury, temporarily lost the power.

TOMMY FARR'S fight against Neusel was announced in English, German, and Welsh and preceded by the singing of "Land of Our Fathers." Farr knocked out Neusel in the 3rd. round.

MISS PAULINE GOWER *(left)* *and* MISS MARGARET BRADISH—THE FORMER FOR FLYING TO OPEN A FLYING SCHOOL FOR BIRDS; AND THE LATTER FOR SUGGESTING THE SCHOOL.

TOMMY FARR—FOR KNOCKING OUT GERMANY'S "IRON MAN," WALTER NEUSEL, AFTER A TRILINGUAL ANNOUNCEMENT AND A CHORUS OF "LAND OF OUR FATHERS."

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C.F.H.

LE TOUQUET

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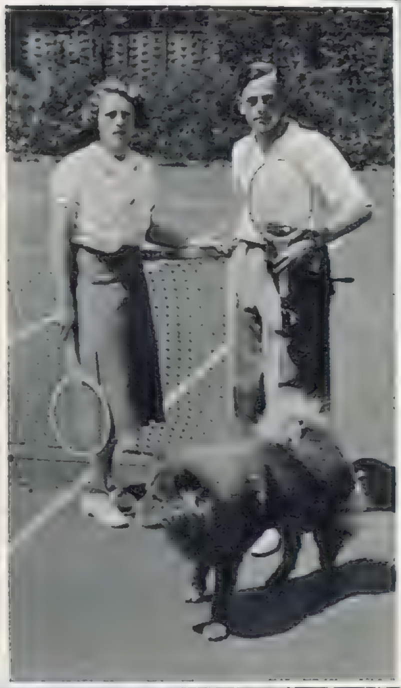
THERE IS DANCING EACH NIGHT AT DINNER

Lynden Manor is the charming Berkshire country home of the Marquess and Marchioness of Milford Haven. Part of the west wing (shown on the left) dates from the sixteenth century.

The EARL OF MEDINA, *only son of Lord and Lady Milford Haven, is in the Navy, and is now home on leave. He is with his débutante sister,* LADY TATIANA MOUNTBATTEN.

Right: *The* MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN *and the* EARL OF MEDINA *on the lawn tennis court with the family chow-chow Misha.*



The MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN, *who was formerly Countess Nada Torby, is the younger daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia.*

COUSINS OF THE KING IN THEIR BERKSHIRE HOME.

The MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN *is a great-grandson of Queen Victoria, and thus a cousin of the King. He is seen with his débutante daughter,* LADY TATIANA MOUNTBATTEN.

SWINLEYHURST ASCOT HOUSE-PARTY.

The MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA entertained a house-party at Swinleyhurst, South Ascot. She is here seen in the grounds before starting for the races.

The MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA wore a blue net dress and silk coat with a picture hat on the opening day at Ascot. She is with the HON. PETER BEATTY, brother of Earl Beatty.

The guests entertained by the Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava for Ascot week included LADY STAVORDALE, LADY O'NEILL, LORD STAVORDALE, the HON. PETER BEATTY, and LORD O'NEILL, who are here seen with LADY DUFFERIN on the lawn before starting.

Right: LADY STAVORDALE and LADY O'NEILL on the lawn at Swinleyhurst before leaving for the races. Lady O'Neill is a daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris and a sister of Viscountess Long.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANE HAYDEN AND S. AND G.

KING GEORGE VI. AT THE FIRST ASCOT OF HIS REIGN.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *wore an ice-blue dress and coat and magnificent silver foxes on the first day. She is with* H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT.

H.M. THE KING *dropped his race-card amid the flowers outside the Royal Box and immediately retrieved it himself. The group shows members of the royal party on the Hunt Cup Day, with* H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *to the left of the pillar and* H.M. THE QUEEN, *who wore a pale pink dress and hat, next to her.*

T.R.H. THE DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF KENT *in the paddock. On Hunt Cup Day, the Duchess wore a black faille coat, with a diamond and ruby feather brooch on the lapel.*

T.M. THE KING *and* QUEEN *in the Royal Box on the Tuesday. The Queen wore a white dress and hat trimmed with black velvet ribbon.*

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING *and* QUEEN *smilingly acknowledged the cheers which greeted them as they drove down the course in an open carriage.*

"L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE": TAMARA GRIGORIEVA *and* DAVID LICHINE.

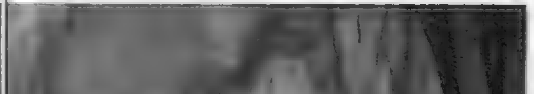
"SYMPHONIE F

"LE BEAU DANUBE"; *given after the performance of*

INCLUDING THE BALLET QUEEN MARY SAW: THE RUSSIANS AT COVENT GARDEN AGAIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

ANTASTIQUE."



Gluck's "Orphée," witnessed by H.M. Queen Mary.

"L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE"—MEMBERS OF THE CORPS DE BALLET.

Colonel W. de Basil's "BALLETS RUSSES," who are this year participating in the operas of "Prince Igor" and "Orphée" at Covent Garden, will open their season of Ballet on July 1, the day after the opera season ends. Their repertoire includes many well-known ballets, some interesting revivals, and one new production, "Francesca da Rimini," to Tchaikovsky music. Their Majesties the King and Queen have arranged to go to Covent Garden to-night, June 23, to see "Prince Igor."

MERLYN SEVERN.

CORONATION ASCOT HAT TRICKERY!

Flowers on the forehead worn by PATRICIA, COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

An all-floral effect chosen by COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER.

VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH'S floral toque was very becoming.

Off-the-face model chosen by the HON. MRS. CUNNINGHAM-REID.

MRS. JOCELYN ABEL SMITH'S flat hat was a jaunty affair.

LADY O'NEILL'S halo straw had a velvet bow.

LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE'S turned-up model was decorated with edelweiss.

TOQUES, "HALOS," "FLOWER PIECES" AND THEIR WEARERS.

MRS. MICHAEL GOLD'S *turned-up hat bore her initials; and* LADY CHURSTON'S *toque was severe.*

The BEGUM AGA KHAN'S *turned-up hat had a beautiful line.*

COUNTESS BEATTY'S *hat was inspired by the headgear of a Chinese coolie.*

The HON. ESMÉ GLYN'S *straw hat was worn very far back.*

Transparent halo hat worn by LADY MOIRA COMBE.

VISCOUNTESS LONG'S *black and white peaked cap is here seen among the grey toppers which were Coronation Ascot wear for men.*

FACING THE CAMERA BARRAGE AT ASCOT.

MR. PETER *and* LADY ELIZABETH OLDFIELD *faced the camera barrage at Ascot with smiling faces. Lady Elizabeth, who is a recent bride, is the younger daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, V.C.*

MISS LOEL WINTERBOTTOM *brought a periscope with her so that she could be sure of seeing the racing.*

LORD ASHLEY *and* LADY ASHLEY *(formerly Mme. Françoise Soulier) are shown arriving at Ascot. Their marriage took place in France in the spring.*

LORD WALPOLE *and* MISS NANCY JONES *were among the engaged couples who attended Ascot. Their wedding is to take place shortly.*

MRS. MURRAY SMITH *(formerly Miss Ulrica Thynne) wore an all-stripe costume on Gold Cup Day.*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *wore a very large hat on Gold Cup Day, tied under her chin with velvet strings. She is with the* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.

Summer Evening Fashions by Dolcis
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PEPYS
into this
THIRST
QUESTION
JUNE 16TH Up early, and privily tried my new velvet hat and racing suit, which do become me excellently well. After breakfast, with my wife to Ascot by hired motor carriage, this costing me a tidy sum. And when we arrived, my wife began so roundly to condemn those fashions which displeased her, that I asked if we were come to see horses or ladies' frippery. What with this, and the ill-chance that my first three horses turned out sorry, knock-kneed, short-winded laggards and loiterers, our day had been spoilt had I not bethought myself of refreshments. And after she had drunk a Gin and Tonic Water and I a Whisky with Ginger Ale — both Tonic Water and Ginger Ale being, thank heaven, of Schweppes — she regained a more level temper. Which I attribute to the cool solace and bright-bubbling liveliness of these refreshing drinks. And Lord! what a mercy to find Schweppes, and not some flat table water as dull and brackish as a mud-pond!
BE SURE YOU SAY
Schweppes
PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY WILDING.

U.S.A. FILM STAR "THE CONSTANT WIFE."

MISS RUTH CHATTERTON, *the well-known U.S.A. film star, is playing Constance Middleton, the title-rôle, in the revival of W. Somerset Maugham's comedy "The Constant Wife," at the Globe. Her performance has roused great enthusiasm.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

CLOAK and sword return again. All my three plays of this week can be labelled "costume." In the case of "THE GREAT ROMANCER," at the New Theatre, it is cloak and pistol, since the bullet was the weapon chosen by Brun for his duel with Dumas *père*, who is not only the hero of Mr. Goodman's play, but virtually the play itself. Nothing in life could stop Dumas writing, or stop him furiously spending the enormous sums which he and his staff of hack-writers earned with furious devotion to the desk. Nothing on the stage can stop him talking, mostly at the top of his voice. "I am large, I contain multitudes," cried Walt Whitman. This Dumas could say the same—and louder. The result is a kind of Dumas Revue, featuring as side-lines M. Dumas' Young Ladies, petulant Ida Ferrier (Miss Coral Brown), the faithless Dorval (Miss Vivienne Bennett), and the lovely Adah Menken (Miss Carol Goodner), the circus rider and poetess, who passed from the world of the flying trapeze to the cultured salons of the Litterati, a dark lady and a dark horse, one likely to evoke the most expensive compliments in verse and the most expensive champagne in glass.

Miss Goodner looks exquisite. Mr. Robert Morley, as old Dumas, talks twenty to the dozen, and rattles away in one of those rôles which are all character-part and no character. It is a forceful and picturesque performance in a piece which offers the actor the maximum of opportunity. Mr. Goodman has given the great romancer a sharp humour as well as all the attributes of a colossal "card." We observe Dumas in every kind of amorous, professional, and financial predicament, and conclude with a practical demonstration that you can't keep an old boy down. Threatened by his doctor with demise, unless he stays in bed, Alexandre goes out to a party. "Motley" have swathed in Third Empire magnificence a show which is scarcely subtle, but is very much alive and kicking.

"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD," *at the Haymarket. Here Peggy Harding* (DOROTHY HYSON; *centre*) *finds out that something is going on between her father, Max Harding* (HARTLEY POWER; *left*) *and June Harding* (MARIE NEY; *right*), *who is Dorothy's father's cousin's wife—or something. It sounds all wrong to us, too.*

"THE KING'S PIRATE," at the St. Martin's, is a descriptive title for that fascinating, brilliant, unpopular, unfortunate man, Sir Walter Ralegh. The authors, Edward and Theo Thompson, are not concerned to show us the hero of "Little Arthur" doing his well-remembered cloak act. They permit him a pipe; I forget whether potatoes are mentioned. The English pioneers of nicotine and spuds should be ever remembered by a nation which now smokes the former, even through its meals, and regards no meal as satisfactory unless it includes the latter. Here, however, we meet Sir Walter only in the last years of his life, when taking some pretty hard knocks in the court of King James and up Spanish Main Street. He is, I believe, over sixty years old when the play begins, and getting on for seventy when it closes with his execution. After his long sufferings in an English prison, and his last dreadful bout of fever (as well of disenchantment) in the Indies, he must have been a sadly broken man at the close. Mr. Wyndham Goldie, who plays Sir Walter, prefers to remember Aubrey's description, "tall, handsome, and bold," and gives a well-graced rendering of a part which I fancy could be more moving if less romantically portrayed. When I read the text of "Last Voyage," as the piece was originally and perhaps better called, I visualised an older man, more crotchety and less serene, less of a conventional theatrical centre-piece, and more of a difficult customer, whose brilliance of talent burned everybody's fingers, including his own.

However, the tale of the persecution of this great man is certainly a moving one. His last voyage was ruined by treachery: his last years blackened by jealousy and hatred. Here is tragic matter, and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson have made honest tragedy of it. It was not a life which lent itself easily to dramatic treatment, but they have told their tale with a lively sense of the personal elements in Ralegh's ruin, and of the spirit of the age which made such ruin possible. Mr. Wilfred Lawson gives a tremendously vital and entertaining picture of James I. This is a finely written part and the fine performance spares that unsightly and unromantic figure not at all. It is queer, watching Mr. Lawson, to reflect that Mary Queen of Scots left this creature as the memento of her beauty and her bravery. By so doing she certainly had her revenge on the English Court, if not on England itself.

Mr. Carroll reopened the Open Air Theatre with a brief run of "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," and is now offering an even greater favourite, "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." On the first evening the weather behaved itself, Mr. John Gielgud spoke a pretty, witty prologue, Sir Philip Sassoon, since on this ground the Office of Works is the Sponsor of Plays, said "Bless you, my play-boys," Mr. Carroll told us of good things to come, and the Sisters Vanbrugh proceeded to show us that actresses are as young as they feel and to give Shakespeare's wives of Windsor the benefit of a racy and stylish performance. Meanwhile, Mr. Roy Byford was throwing his weight as Falstaff, with gusto and success.

The arrival of "The Great Romancer" clashed with the first night of the PHILADELPHIA BALLET at the Hippodrome. Its first efforts were very well received, and Miss Littlefield's choreography was much approved, both for the period pleasures of "Barn Dance" and the up-to-date pattern of "Terminal," with its railway-station setting and its gay parade of modern types. At the Coliseum dancing is to make way for a big Real Ice Show, but Covent Garden will, as usual, follow opera with the de Basil ballet. Meanwhile, Sadler's Wells is having a great summer-time success with Gilbert and Sullivan. The Old Vic, too, has found a summer tenant in Mr. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," a play which not even heat waves can assassinate.

"Will there be anything else you require?" asks Cyril (RICHARD WARNER), *with heavy sarcasm and no light tray, of Robert de Winter* (BASIL RADFORD) *and Roberta de Winter* (MIGNON O'DOHERTY), *evergreen parasites on the family tree, in "To Have and to Hold."*

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XIV.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE successful stage-play "THE FROG," adapted by Ian Hay from an Edgar Wallace novel, has been shaped into a picture so full of movement, of pursuit and escape, of large-scale thrills, explosions, fires, and what not, that its screen version (at the New Gallery) betrays nothing of its bookshelf or theatre ancestry. Conforming to the pattern of its kind, the picture is good fun and moves at an excellent pace under Jack Raymond's skilful direction, liberally sprinkled with false clues and — Frogs! For Sergeant Elk and Captain Gordon, of Scotland Yard, are engaged in tracking down not only an elusive crook, but his vast organisation known as the Fellowship of Frogs, into whose criminal activities the most unlikely people have been drawn. Edgar Wallace, master of his material, knew how to fire his readers or his audience with the excitement of the chase, and the discovery of the Frog becomes as momentous to the onlooker as to the sleuths themselves. Can it be the heroine's father, a man of mysterious occupation, to whom Felix Aylmer lends a mournful dignity? We hope not, for the sake of the charming Vavian Gaye, whose personality vitalises romance in this, her first film. Possibly it is her brother, who, indeed, narrowly escapes the gallows and is admirably played by Richard Ainley. Suspicion inclines heavily towards Noah Beery, for his rich bonhomie is undoubtedly camouflage, and swerves to Esmé Percy, an eccentric millionaire's apparently harmless secretary. Or — but the list is too long to enumerate and the secret well kept, until the matrix of a smashed record, heroically retrieved from a blazing factory by Jack Hawkins, establishes the Frog's identity. In all this accumulating agitation, Gordon Harker, the bowler-hatted, umbrella - armed Sergeant Elk, preserves his shrewd Cockney humour and his calm. Suspects clutter his path, danger dogs his heels, bombs blow up under his very nose—Mr. Harker is imperturbable. His work is effortless, yet how perfect is this fine comedian's timing of his effects. He lends point to ordinary lines and a positive sparkle to good ones. He is a pillar of quiet strength in this entertaining thriller.

After many years of film-going one might reasonably be inclined to contradict the title of the 20th-Century-Fox picture, "LOVE IS NEWS," at the Gaumont, Haymarket. But it soon becomes apparent that to the lovely young heiress, Toni, love must indeed be "news" of the most unwelcome kind. Her millions have thrust her into the limelight of the front page, and her every action represents a possible scoop for a pack of reporters. So she determines to give a particularly enterprising young Pressman a dose of his own medicine by the simple expedient of announcing their engagement. This is the springboard for one of those fast-moving, dynamic newspaper stories, in the telling of which Hollywood excels. It is boisterous, and its jargon, delivered at a rattling pace, often eludes the English ear. But it is never dull, nor does its tension ever slacken. The heroine pits her brains against the reporter's in a publicity campaign that rapidly becomes a duel, with Toni scoring all the hits, until she falls in love with her victim and revenge evaporates in romance. An under-current of amusing satire, directed at American journalistic methods and the pertinacity of the sleuths of the Press, gives an edge to a play developed with lively invention and propelled at full speed all the time by the director, Tay Garnett. The reporter, on and off the pay-roll, in and out of favour with the news editor, settles his scores with a ready "right to the jaw," and nobody seems to mind. He fells his bullying editor more than once—it is all in a day's work! He knocks out a blackmailing Count, thereby winning his tormenting lady—and is altogether a fierce fellow to whom Tyrone Power lends a most engaging air of youthful truculence and undeniable charm. He and Loretta Young, a spirited Toni, carry on their battle of wits with the swift attack that is the essence of slick comedy, whilst Don Ameche springs a surprise by his high-powered rendering of the harassed editor, and Slim Summerville slips a diverting study of a cross-grained rural judge into the taut structure of an entertaining piece.

As an example of a stage-play transferred to the screen with a minimum of adaptation, "BEHIND YOUR BACK," the supporting picture in the Carlton programme, deserves attention apart from the fact that this shrewdly observed comedy from the pen of Charles Landstone offers good entertainment. Dealing, as it does, with the very human conflicts that arise amongst the staff of a theatre, and may, at times, hold far more drama than the traffic on the stage, the action is confined to the dress-circle bar, where the barmaid dispenses homely wisdom as well as drinks, and the titled authoress of the play in progress solves several problems of love and jealousy. Excepting for a few glimpses of the auditorium, a shot or two on the stairs, in the star's dressing-room, or in the manager's office, no attempt has been made to travel beyond the original setting. But the director, Donovan Pedelty, has avoided that urge for background variety which frequently, in the screen versions of conversation-pieces, results in a sort of *chassé-croisé* of the partners engaged in talk. The author's dialogue is neat, natural, and amusing. The director has allowed it to be delivered neatly, naturally, and amusingly, with no forced movement to stiffen it. It is therefore possible to listen to and enjoy a play that is not cinematic, in the accepted sense of the word, but that, well acted as it is, especially by Jack Livesey as the theatre manager, Molly Hamley Clifford as the comfortable barmaid, and Jonathan Field, repeating his delightful performance of the modest bank clerk with literary ambitions, is a pleasant slice of life seen through the eyes of a humorist.

On the left of this illustration from "To Have and to Hold" may be seen the shattered hulk of the once-vital Brian Harding (KENETH KENT). *On the right he is pictured as he used to appear after a specially vital day's huntin' and fishin' and shootin'. The change occurred on account of a horse having fallen on him.*

"TERMINAL," *a ballet in the repertoire of the* PHILADELPHIA BALLET, *who opened their season at the London Hippodrome last week, presents burlesque scenes of contemporary American life in a railway terminus. Here the Screen Star* (CATHERINE LITTLEFIELD) *is preparing to pose for photographers before taking the train.*

The Star (CATHERINE LITTLEFIELD) *in "Terminal" appears in a bathing-dress to pose for a "seaside snapshot" in the station.*

The Star (CATHERINE LITTLEFIELD) *dives off her trunk to give the journalists a good picture.*

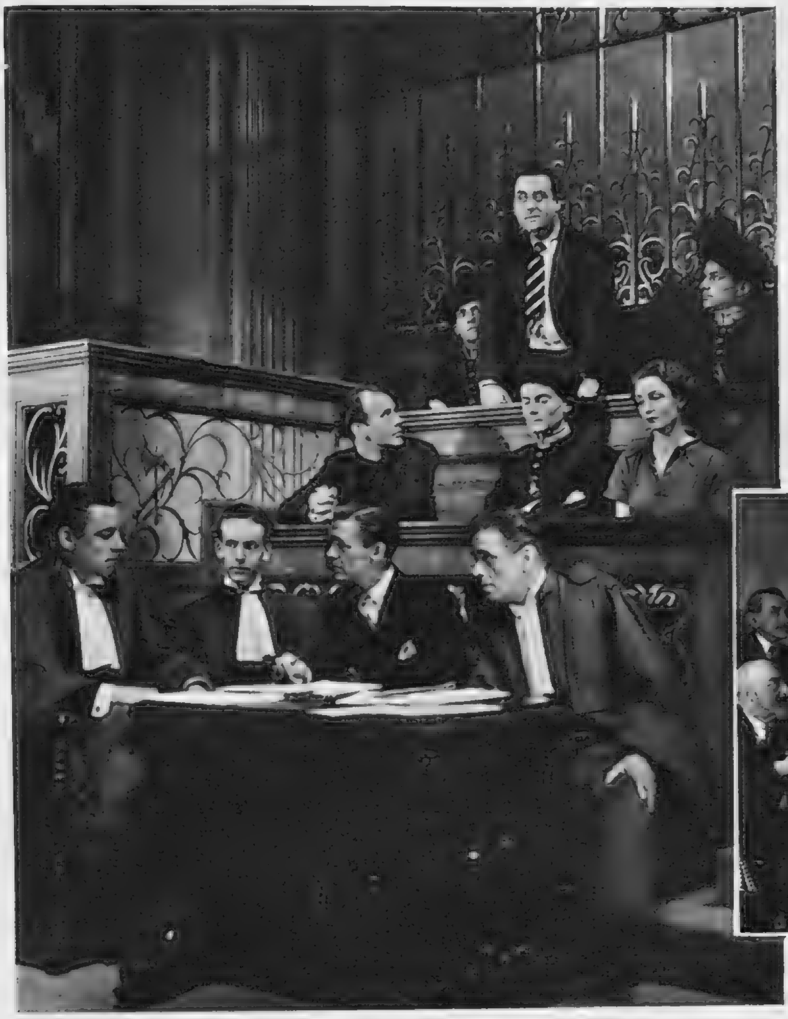
"LOVE IS NEWS," *the new Twentieth Century-Fox picture at the Gaumont, Haymarket, is a romantic comedy dealing with the love-affair of an heiress and a newspaper reporter.* TYRONE POWER, *the new jeune premier, who is right on the middle of the map as a result of his work in "Lloyd's of London," is seen as Steve. He is with Tessie* (CAROL TEVIS). *Miss Tevis is the girl who spoke for Minnie Mouse in Walt Disney's cartoons and, though millions have heard her voice, this is her first picture appearance.*

A most original game of draughts, played on the lino with drinks, is enjoyed by Steve (TYRONE POWER) *in "Love is News."*

Steve (TYRONE POWER), *the young reporter, and Toni Gateson* (LORETTA YOUNG), *the heiress, in a scene from "Love is News."*

U.S.A. BURLESQUE BALLET AND HEIRESS-REPORTER ROMANCE.

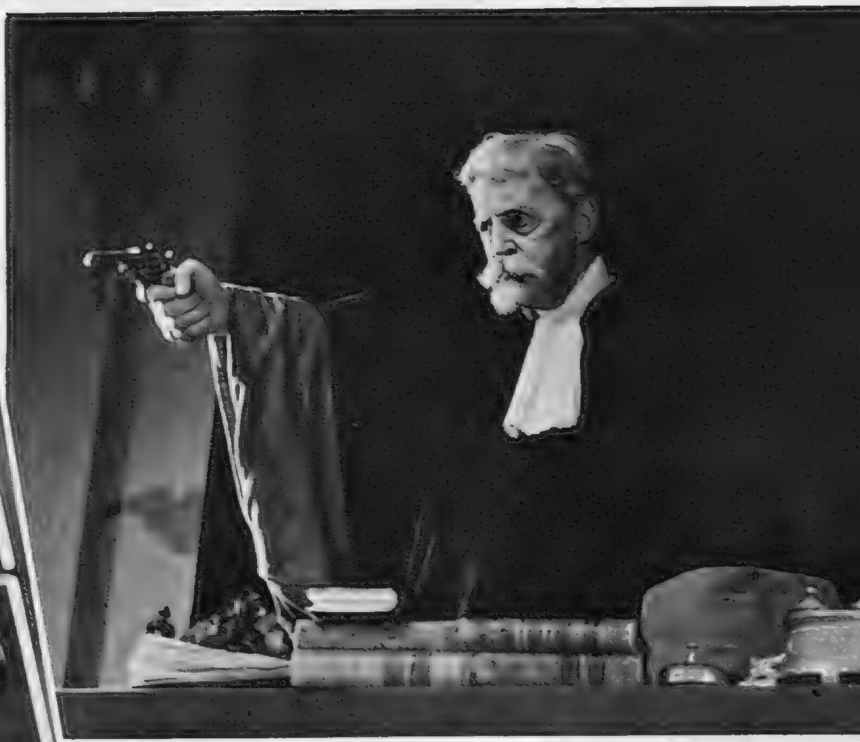
PULSATING DRAMA OF "JUDGMENT DAY."



"JUDGMENT DAY," *the drama by Elmer Rice, at the Strand, is set in a Law Court. Kurt Schneider* (PHILIP LEAVER; *standing) is falsely admitting that he is a member of the People's Party, and implicating George Khitov* (ERIC BERRY; *first left in second row) and Lydia* (CATHERINE LACEY). *Dr. Stambulov* (PHILIP CUNNINGHAM), *his clerk* (LIONEL HARROW), *Conrad* (DAN TOBIN), *and Dr. Mensch* (ARTHUR BURNE) *are in the bottom row (l. to r.).*

Lydia Kuman (CATHERINE LACEY) *attempts to take her life, but is prevented by the Guard.*

Mme. Guilia Crevilli (FREDA JACKSON) *tells the truth about General Rakovski's private life; incidentally disproving Kurt's confession.*



Judge Slatavski (HUBERT HARBEN) *snatches the gun and shoots Vesnic, the tyrant. He represents neither the Left nor the Right front, but the interests of justice.*

Left: *General Michael Rakovski* (ALAN NAPIER) *is seen in the witness-box.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

DUMAS, *PÈRE ET FILS*, STAGED: "THE GREAT ROMANCER."

"THE GREAT ROMANCER," *at the New Theatre, deals with the life of Alexandre Dumas and his son. Here Dumas père* (ROBERT MORLEY) *and Dumas fils* (PETER COKE) *are with Adah Isaacs Menken, the famous Mazeppa* (CAROL GOODNER).

The dying Dumas (ROBERT MORLEY) *receives a bouquet from Dr. Bixio* (ATHOLL FLEMING). *Alfred de Vigny* (EDGAR NORFOLK) *and Michel* (RONALD SIMPSON) *are on the extreme left and right.*

A characteristically extravagant gesture by Alexandre Dumas père (ROBERT MORLEY).

Right: Alexandre Dumas père (ROBERT MORLEY) *in the duel scene.*

Right: Alfred de Vigny (EDGAR NORFOLK) *finds that Alexandre Dumas père* (ROBERT MORLEY) *makes the most generous of gestures over Marie Dorval* (VIVIENNE BENNETT).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOUSTON ROGERS.

One Favourite after another . . .

A good race, and a good win, if only by a short head, deserve to be celebrated in a sparkling glass of Whitbread's Pale Ale, always a winner.

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I.P.S.

THE SIX VICTORIAS.

Ireland: ANN CLARK *as the young Victoria; with* LIONEL DYMOKE *and* EDWARD LEXY *as the Lord Chamberlain and the Archbishop of Canterbury.—By Lord Longford's Players, at the Gate Theatre, Dublin, October 1935.*

The Screen: A shot from the forthcoming English film "Victoria the Great," with ANNA NEAGLE *in the name-part;* HUBERT HARBEN *as the Lord Chamberlain; and* C. V. FRANCE *as the Archbishop of Canterbury.*

Germany: JENNY JUGO *as Victoria; with the Lord Chamberlain* (OTTO TRESSLER) *and the Archbishop of Canterbury.—From the Tobis-Cinema film "Mädchenjahre einer Königin" ("The Girlhood of a Queen").*

London: PAMELA STANLEY'S *Queen, with* CARL ESMOND *as Prince Consort, in "Victoria Regina," at the Lyric; which opened on Monday. Originally produced at the Gate.*

LAST December King Edward VIII. gave permission for the ban on plays dealing with the life of Queen Victoria to be lifted, after June 20, 1937, the centenary of her accession. Hence the Lyric Theatre première of Laurence Housman's "Victoria Regina" on Monday, the 21st. Gilbert Miller saw Norman Marshall's production at the Gate last year, and took it for New York, where it had a tremendous success. Other countries have also found Victoria a piquant subject.

France: "Victoria Regina," at the Théâtre de la Madeleine, Paris. GABY MORLAY *as Victoria and* JACQUES ERWIN *as Prince Albert.*

Left: The United States: HELEN HAYES'S *Victoria and* VINCENT PRICE *as Prince Albert.—From Gilbert Miller's production of "Victoria Regina," which made a tremendous hit in New York.*

Canadian Fox—pure white, long-haired, of amazing pliability—is worked in a manner of utter simplicity for this exquisite hip-length evening cape. From the Fur Salon, First Floor. 89 Gns.
Also in Silver Fox 195 Gns.
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THE SKETCH

DRESSES as fresh as a summer's day, as cool as a summer's night; dresses that are ageless in their charm and gay sophistication—these are what Paquin creates.

Look at the frock on the right, slender-waisted, buoyant. Made of black tulle, it is appliquéd with organdie flowers in different pastel shades.

See how they are massed at the top to form a bolero, and how they grow larger at the hem to weight the enormously full skirt.

AND here is another dress by Paquin, whose London salon is at 39, Dover Street. It is of white organza with flowers of night-blue lace.

AN afternoon dress of rare distinction, made by Paquin in navy blue and white printed china silk, with small buttons and a narrow belt in blue.

DIARY OF FASHION

THIS is a year when shoes have stepped right into the limelight. Some public benefactor, a little time ago, made the great discovery that shoes could be scientifically made to mould the foot, and that the amount of support they gave need not depend solely upon their weight. From that day shoes became fashion-conscious, until now they are sometimes more important, more intricately lovely even than the dress they are worn with. Certainly they should never be less lovely, or they will ruin the whole effect.

Here, on this page, we have photographed and sketched for you some of the lovely models that you will find at H. and M. Rayne's, of 58, New Bond Street, W.1. Let 's look at the evening shoes first. The girl who is sitting on the floor wears sandals of gold brocade patterned with glowing jewel colours. They have tiny gold kid bows on the front, and a shaped heel-strap. Nothing could be lovelier or more endlessly useful than such shoes with a matching bag that has a chased gilt mount. The dancing girl wears high-fronted sandals of silver mesh accented with plain strappings. These are also made in gold.

AT the head of the page are open-toed suède sandals trimmed with bands of piping. They cost three-and-a-half guineas and are made in white, black and brown. Next to them is a high-fronted sandal composed of pastel-coloured bands in contrasting tones. These cost four guineas, and the price of the matching crêpe bag is 45s.

Below these there is a charming pair of white canvas shoes trimmed with flesh-toned kid strappings that should exactly match the stockings. The canvas can, of course, be dyed to match any frock. And, finally, we come to a pair of tan calf and white doeskin walking shoes with a cord tie. These cost 59s. 6d., and the matching bag is 52s. 6d.

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

DO YOU BLOOM— or wilt—IN THE SUN?

Cool Make-up for Hot Days.

IT was on one of the very hottest days in June that I wandered into Jane Seymour's. I was tired, I was cross, my head ached vaguely, and I felt plain. Obviously, something had to be done. . . . And how it was! In the first place, her new salons themselves are a delight. So cool, so gay, so restful. Before you know it you find yourself relaxing completely under her skilled fingers, and when once you 've had one of her treatments you really know just how attractive you can be.

Jane Seymour has two deep-rooted beliefs. That make-up, to be beautiful, must be natural: and that the skin must be tended, not elaborately, but with unfailing regularity. And here is her pet complaint—that women do not wash their eyes enough, with the result that they age long before they should.

Naturally, what preparations you use will depend on whether your skin is normal, dry, or greasy, but in any case you will need no more than the things we have photographed on this page. They are sufficient for the complete care and the perfect make-up of a dry skin. Having seen how Jane Seymour can idealise a face by make-up, I asked her for a few basic rules. And here they are.

FIRST see that your face is cool and free from all trace of grease. Then rouge lightly, placing it where your natural colour comes. Afterwards make up your eyes and fix your lipstick. By then you 'll be able to see how the rouge is settling down, and you can, if necessary, add or take off a little. Having delicately accented your colouring, you should powder liberally, pressing it well in and leaving it as long as possible. Finally, brush off the surplus powder with a downward movement, brush your lashes with a little oil, touch up your lips again—and you will be ready to face the world in the happiest frame of mind.

It is just as easy as that, but the whole secret lies in using those preparations that really are best suited to your skin, so go along to 22, Grosvenor Street, W., and let Jane Seymour herself advise you about your skin care and your choice of rouge powder and eye cosmetics. She will be delighted to help you even if you do not want to have a treatment, and you will find her so understanding and sympathetic that you will thoroughly enjoy yourself.

13.

the 36th tee
and
all square
—a poor drive
and
you're
"on edge . . ."

ever noticed
how
a cigarette,
at such moments,
will
in some
curious way
pull you
together again . . .

completely
restoring
that
all-important
confidence
in
yourself?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MISS MARY BUTTS, who died in the spring of this year at the early age of forty-four, was a vehement and electric writer with a style and quality all her own. She belonged to no school or group; she drew her inspiration from the antique, and her imagination was bright with reflected gleams from earlier ages and sunnier climes. But, as those who read her studies of Cleopatra and Alexander the Great will remember, she did not treat classical themes in a classical spirit. Her mind was too eager and restless; it was like a sea with squalls blowing across it, tipping the waves with light. At heart, perhaps, she was a romantic; the past came to her as a romantic discovery, a literary treasure-trove, firing her imagination: she turned to it, too, because it was not the present, certain aspects of which she detested. Her novel, "The Death of Felicity Taverner," shows with what horror she regarded the encroachment of suburbia on the country-side. That meant far more to her than it means to the average person who looks out of the window of his motor and rails at ribbon-development. It roused her to a holy fury, a spirit of crusade; and how she came to feel as intensely as she did is plainly shown in her posthumously published autobiography, "The Crystal Cabinet."

LADY MARION CAMERON, *youngest daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, is seen concentrating on the fishing pool at the Empire Ball at Claridge's in aid of the Working Girls' Clubs of the Social Institutes Union.*

"The Crystal Cabinet."

"My Childhood at Salterns" is its sub-title. Salterns was a Georgian house, with later additions, on the edge of Poole Harbour; a delightful house it sounds, almost justifying the use of the capital H with which she always dignifies it. But the house was not only threatened, it was doomed; doomed by the greedy advance of Bournemouth—

Ever since I can remember, the shadow of this defilement and this desolation rose on my life, lengthening with it. Until, some time about the end of the war, there came a point I suddenly recognised as spiritual saturation. The thing had *won.* It could not be stopped. There was now more of this new thing than there was of the old thing left. The growing and defiling and *disorganising* had had their way, until there was only its way to have.

As will be gathered, Mary Butts was a child of feeling; and "The Crystal Cabinet" is a chronicle of the feelings applied to every form of childhood's experience; and her childhood was rich in experience, particularly in literary experience. Shelley was her first favourite, and after him, oddly enough, Kipling. She records her disappointment over "The Light That Failed"—

I could not forgive Kipling his contempt for the woman who wanted to be a painter. He, an idol, only one less sacrosanct than Shelley, wrote of women as though they were not quite human beings, creatures only of the flesh, the flesh touched with a kind of bad magic; creatures always, in their essence, inferior to men. That was woe. It wasn't, it couldn't, it shouldn't be true. . . .

Overstatement.

This outburst is revealing. It shows how deeply had entered into Mary Butts' mind the determination to become a writer; and it illustrates one of her qualities, or, as I am inclined to think, one of the defects of her qualities: overstatement. Laudably anxious to avoid unnecessary qualification, to deliver herself of her meaning in the most uncompromising manner possible, she often falls into pure exaggeration, or into affirming as a fact a phenomenon that really belongs to the domain of fancy or opinion. Referring to the "essences that attach themselves to old houses," she writes—

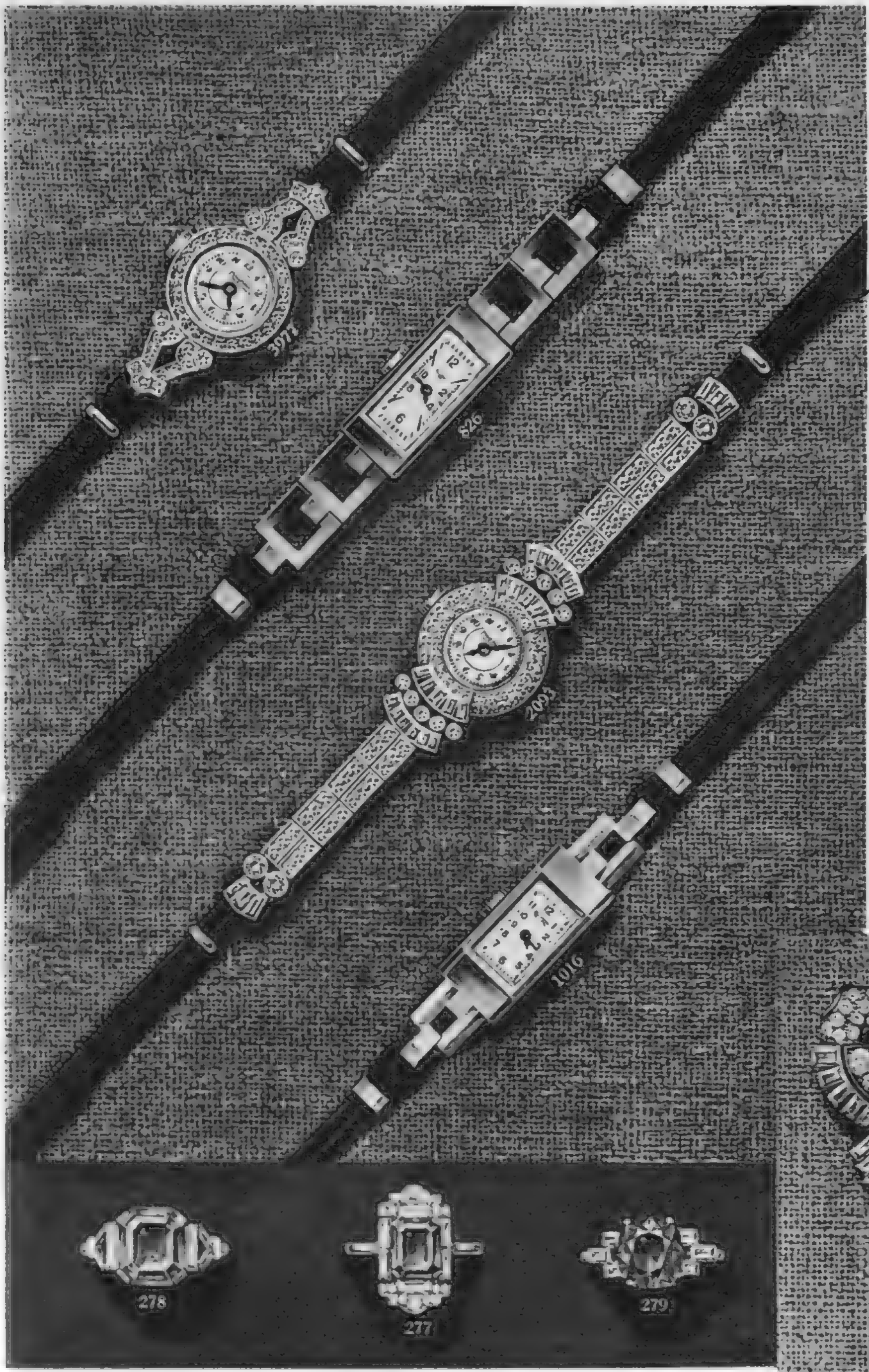
At Crichel there is a ring of gold laughter that breaks as you enter; and at Knole if you listen you can hear the house-pulse beat.

Perhaps there is, perhaps you can; but one would believe it more readily if the statement were put in a less challenging form.

"The Crystal Cabinet" exhales an immensely strong personal perfume which, for those who like it, will greatly enhance the book's attraction. But even those who shrink from such powerful wafts of personality will find much to delight and stimulate them in this treasure-house of youth. The impression of the pre-war years, for instance, how vivid it is; the description of the house and

[Continued overleaf.

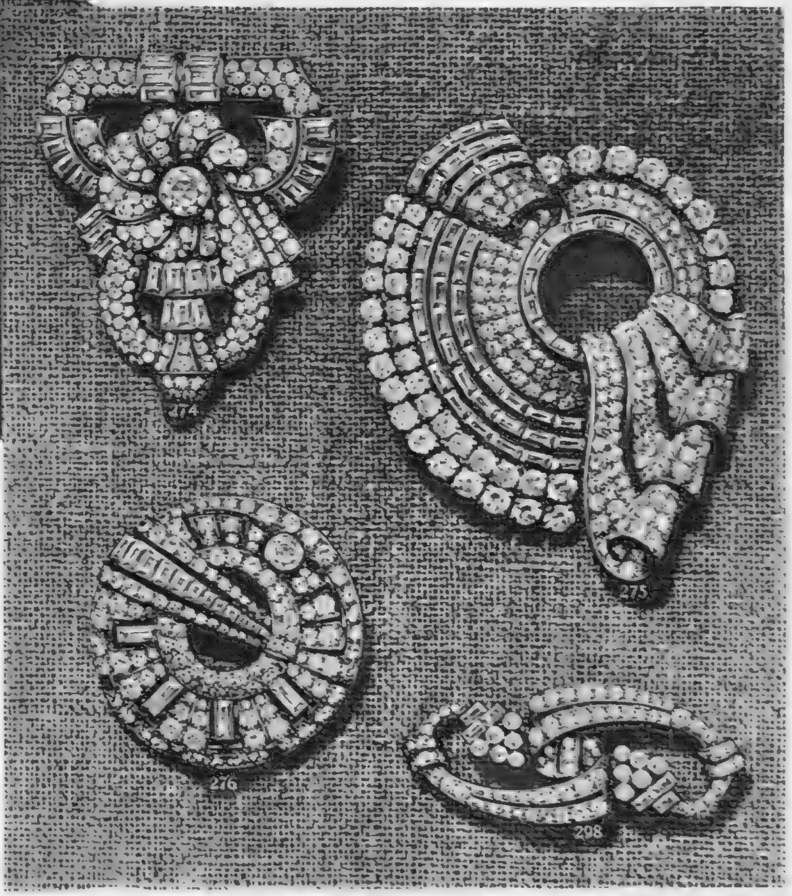
MISS VIOLET *(l.) and* MISS IRENE VANBRUGH *played the parts of Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which opened the Sydney Carroll season at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, and is succeeded this week by* "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." *They are seen with* ROY BYFORD *as Falstaff. Miss Violet Vanbrugh was entertained at a lunch the other day to celebrate her "jubilee" of fifty years on the stage—a little incorrectly, for, beginning at an early age, she has actually been fifty-one years on the stage.*



Mappin Quality

BY APPOINTMENT

Mappin & Webb have tried at all times to provide beauty, value and sound workmanship in return for a thoroughly fair and just expenditure. The measure of success achieved is reflected in the present status of the House after a hundred and twenty-five years' trading. A full range of Catalogues are available should a visit to the Showrooms be inconvenient.



Mappin Watches—the newest designs: **3977.** Diamonds and Platinum, £45 0 0. **826.** Stainless Steel, £7 15 0. **2093.** Diamonds and Platinum, £135 0 0. **1016.** Stainless Steel, £8 15 0.
Sapphire and Diamond Rings: **278.** £150. **277.** £67 10 0. **279.** £75 0 0.
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Continued.]
garden and the estuary and the hills that Mary Butts loved so passionately; they invade and mingle with one's own memories and seem part of one's own experience. The yachting at Cowes, the calls paid on relations and neighbours, the exactness of the social setting, the ups and downs of the family, the marvellously graphic descriptions of the author's mother, father, and step-father: you can hardly find a book which presents more forcibly and frankly, yet without the fault of self-consciousness, the taste, movement, and colour of life as lived by a squire and his family, proud of their old name and associations, intensely individual and yet intensely English. When the time of transition comes, with the author's rather unsatisfactory three years at a girls' school in Scotland, the chronicle loses some of its bloom: Mary Butts clearly was not made for hockey and tennis and lacrosse. But even in the later years one is still aware of the clouds of glory trailing a little untidily after this headlong spirit, radiant with the light that never was on land or sea.

"Lois in Love."

In design, "Lois in Love" is a simple story. The heroine's father, a man of brilliant appearance but unstable financial reputation, brought her up as well as he could, considering the fluctuations in his income and his sudden, unaccountable absences. He trusted in life, but it betrayed his trust, just as he, presumably, betrayed the trust of sundry unimportant investors; and he paid his debt, though not his debts, with a pistol-shot. This brought Lois, now an orphan herself, to a post in an orphanage; she had had little experience of life, except a nervous breakdown and an exceedingly distasteful adventure with an old gentleman in a taxi-cab. The orphanage was a joyless place—

> Twenty-eight girls march along the corridor in two ranks. They halt at a class-room door. "Forward," says Lois, and they go in.

Not much room for romance there, scarcely for tenderness, though Lois tried to lavish it on one singularly stubborn and unresponsive child. But she had free times for walks, and out of these came her encounter with Mr. Weston, a middle-aged recluse with a temper and address hardly less gruff than those of his Alsatian dog. He belongs, it seems, to the Rochester type: Lois must be thankful for whatever crumbs he flings her. As a matter of fact, he was not a cave-man at all, but a consumptive: and his tardy and reluctant love-making was due to scruples of conscience, not to a contempt for the female sex.

A Familiar Dilemma.

Once the situation develops, and love and conscience begin to put forward their rival claims, we are on familiar ground. Too familiar, some might think. The problem admits of few solutions, and they are all fairly obvious. But a story is not necessarily the worse for going over old ground. Occasionally we read on mechanically, feeling we know the way without the author's guidance, but that is perhaps our fault, for he provides us with plenty of new scenery and the detail is freshly observed and skilfully introduced. Mr. Weston's abrupt disappearance may seem rather heartless; but without it the reunion would lose its sharp ecstasy. Minor characters—a drunken headmaster who is also a religious maniac; an overgrown lout of an orphan ripe for mischief—suggest a sinister *dénouement*; but we cannot see how they are going to help Mr. Gibbs out of his dilemma: surely love or conscience must win the day. In the end he cuts the Gordian knot, but cuts it very neatly. All along this has been a well-constructed book, distinguished by much careful and subtle analysis of middle-register emotions. Mr. Gibbs gives the impression that he is writing well within himself, and restraint suits him: he is less impressive when, for instance, making generalisations about women. Still, he could obviously do something on a bigger scale than this pleasant and readable variation on a eugenic theme.

THIS APE, OF A TYPE ONLY OWNED BY THE SIAMESE ROYAL FAMILY, *was given to Lord Tredegar by the Crown Prince of Siam. This portrait by* LESLIE W. LANG *was painted in Capri.*

"Panic Spring."

This is a novel about an island in the Adriatic. In fiction islands are relieved, to some extent, of the rules of realism and the demands of probability. They can be used as a kind of dumping-ground for characters who, but for this geographical accident, would never meet; they keep those characters willing or unwilling prisoners until Fate delivers them; and, most important of all, they permit and even encourage (this is not confined to islands in fiction) a kind of behaviour which would cause surprise on most mainlands.

The island of Blackdaphne was the property of a retired Greek financier who had two main interests: women, and the cultivation of stray men acquaintances whose company might amuse him. To this second trait Marlowe, an English schoolmaster becalmed at Brindisi, owed his introduction to the island. He found there, besides his host, an English girl, Francis, two Englishmen and a Russian—to say nothing of a chattering, good-humoured native population. The foreigners had their several reasons for being at Blackdaphne, and for wishing to stay there: one and all they were momentarily in retreat from life; and Marlowe, who, besides being in a dilemma about his future, was contemplating a treatise on Quietism, found this lotus-eating infectious. He is an exceedingly clever young man and indolence whets his conversational powers; the dialogue seldom turns on trivial topics. Francis tells the story of her life, the Russian some episodes from his, including one of the best ghost stories I have read for a long time. Like other intellectual novelists fundamentally distrustful of the feelings, Mr. Norden allows us only extreme emotions; it is as though he could not permit himself to take seriously anything less tragic than death or a broken heart. This incapacity makes "Panic Spring" rather an arid book; one longs for a little common humanity and resents the pretensions of the mind, always invigilating over and mocking at the feelings. Moreover, there is very little development and practically no "situation"; we have to wait for a death to end the *status quo*. But it is rather a brilliant piece of work, and Mr. Norden might write a first-rate novel if his heart was on better terms with his head.

[Continued on page xiv.

LORD TREDEGAR *is the owner of a number of unusual pets, and the Zoo at Tredegar Park, his seat in Monmouthshire, fascinates guests invited to visit him there. This portrait of him with one of his favourites, an* APE OF A TYPE ONLY OWNED BY THE SIAMESE ROYAL FAMILY, *is by* LESLIE W. LANG *and will be on view at Walker's Galleries, where Mr. Lang's show of portraits and landscapes has its Private View to-morrow, June 24.*

This England . . .

Inkpen Beacon and the Kennet Valley

UNEXPECTED indeed are the sidelights the very new may cast upon the very old. To take wings over this England is to remark one curious thing above most others. The dear haphazard look of our countryside falls away, and field and farm, spinney and pasture, take on an ordered look. Evidence of plan is everywhere, in ancient boundary and thick-set hedge. Straight lines they could drive, those older men, and plant their perfect rectangles over ridge and hollow, with never an instrument to help. Slowly they worked, perforce, but what a heritage they left! And for strength in labour and clarity of eye and mind, they brewed them that great solace men call Worthington today.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"DIFFICULT?" echoed The Broker. "Difficult to make money in the Stock Exchange? Don't be childish. Why, it 's the easiest thing possible."

The Jobber nodded in affirmation. "That 's perfectly true," he agreed. "But finish the slogan, Brokie. Let us have the whole, ghastly truth. 'It 's easy to make money in the Stock Exchange, but ——' "

"It 's infernally hard to keep it."

"O.K. by you, Chief. They won't let you keep it: that 's the devil of it."

"Meaning as how?"

"Well, it 's like this. Markets go bowling along quite merrily and you are doing a decent bit of business, and having an occasional dash on your own ——"

"Which duly comes off."

"Yes, and tempts you to repeat the performance for yourself and your clients, and markets are good, and everyone gives you a tip, and you curse at being so overworked, and then——"

"All at once, too," said The Jobber as gloomily as Dean Inge.

"All at once, something happens. Joburg has a fit of indigestion and New York develops the staggers, and Paris gets the pip, and down comes everything; prices and business and all."

"But you 've still got the money you made, so what are you moaning about?"

"My dear fellow, if you have money, do you put it in the bank and take one half of one per cent. per annum interest? Of course you don't. What you do is to buy stocks and shares——"

"Not all of the gilt-edged type," said his chorus.

"And before you realise that markets have turned, your shares have slumped with the rest of things and you are back to where you started from."

"Having increased your staff, bought two more cars, taken a shoot and a trout-stream, and hinted darkly to your wife that she might care to have one new frock for best."

The Merchant laughed outright at this tragic ode. "Almost thou persuadest me to be a tradesman," said he. "We also have our ups and downs, but not these hills and valleys that you describe."

"Will trade benefit much from the Coronation?" asked The Engineer.

"The Chairman of Lyons said, at the meeting the other day, that the increased business was largely offset by the advance in costs."

"And the Criterion chairman spoke on much the same lines," added The City Editor. "Still, trade this year has been a great deal better than it was, say, in 1935. I think we have a lot to be thankful for."

"We in London see only one small part of the country's business: there 's no doubt about that," The Broker admitted. "We don't appreciate how greatly conditions have changed for the better in the Heavy industries; and in shipping; and in the oil trade."

"When the Stock Exchange markets are quiet, I'm told that the West End feels the effect almost at once."

"Which also gives us a false impression of how things are in other parts of the country. Take coal——"

"Sounds a dirty diet."

"The colliery companies we know are doing wonderfully well. Some of them must be coining money. And engineering concerns, there's another flourishing group for you."

"You 've got to discriminate there."

"So you must in anything else. Even in oil shares, it 's necessary to mind your step."

"I wouldn't mind stepping into Shells," said The Merchant. "I have read the various companies' reports that have appeared lately, and so far as my limited judgment goes, Shells and Burmahs, Anglo-Iranian and Leaseholds are sound investments, rather than speculations."

"So they are," said The City Editor, "and when your markets recover from the new tax, I bet you we shall see Oil shares become as popular as any."

"If you are out for sound industrials," The Broker observed, "why not British Oxygen, Metal Traders, Standard Motors, Turner and Newall——"

"We can supply printed particulars of any or all, so don't be backward in coming forward," The Jobber invited. "But no; I suppose you will prefer to wait until the tide has turned and prices are all better again."

"There 's a little thing called Sena Sugar that I rather like," said The Merchant. "I have followed the concern for several years past, and it is going ahead remarkably well. Ten-shilling shares, standing about eight and ninepence and giving you nearly seven per cent. on your money."

"Speculative stuff, sugar," commented The City Editor. "I'd buy Unilevers, for choice."

"Different kind of proposition entirely," The Merchant declared. "Quite good, I admit, but you should look up the Sena Sugar particulars and see if you don't agree with me."

"How can one look up particulars? Do you suggest we write to the company and ask for copies of the last five or ten years' reports and accounts?"

"I would like to see the face of any company's secretary who received such a request! No, Sir. Any Stock Exchange broker can get you a card giving the details for several years past, and with information brought up to date."

"Where do the cards come from?"

"The Exchange Telegraph Company has a service of this sort, and there are other agencies that do the same kind of thing."

"In addition to which, there are the market slips which many of the jobbers issue. They' re very handy, too. Give you a bird's-eye view of the position: highest and lowest prices over several years——"

"Next year's highest and lowest too?"

"I can't say I have seen any just like that. Oh, yes; the information would certainly be useful. But you must leave a little scope for imagination, unlike some of the present-day advertisements."

"If it 's scope for the imagination you require, you have only to read what the different experts say about the price of gold."

"But the majority of them agree we are not likely to see gold go down below £7 an ounce or thereabouts. How do you account for the gold shares being so dull when the outlook seems to be certainly no less bright than it was?"

"In the House, we put it down to gold funk; neither more nor less. The public have had a scare, and they are taking their time to get over it."

"We have seen the same thing happen before," The Jobber observed. "And old hands attach no great importance to it, because we know that business will come again."

"It is the Bright Young Things on half commission who can't understand it," said The Broker sagely. "They had been making money so easily that this present pause has left them sore and bewildered."

"Some of the gold shares ought to be worth picking up. After all, they pay you pretty well on the money—many of them, anyway."

The City Editor referred to an old favourite, New Kleinfontein, as a fair example. "Increased the dividend, and the shares went down on it. I can't see any reason for it."

"Nigels are a good buy, too. So are East Rands. You can pick half a dozen that ought to pay a man to put away."

"Yet there 's that doubt as to the price of gold."

"There you are! Do you expect to get gilt-edged security from any mining share? You 're obliged to take a certain degree of risk in that class of goods. Do be a bit reasonable."

"The Indian mines, like Champion and Nundydroog, pay nice fat dividends," said The Engineer. "But the West African market leaves me guessing. It never seems to get properly going."

"That 's a case of where the mines are likely to beat the market," The Jobber maintained, quoting the classical tag. "Some of the companies are publishing really fine returns: Marlu, for instance, and Amal. Banket Area. One of these days we shall be chasing after the shares at higher prices than today's. Take my word for it."

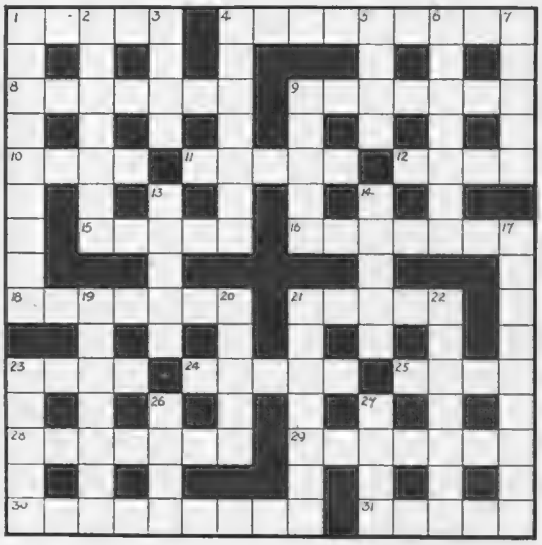
"How much is that worth?" enquired The City Editor. "An eighth to a quarter premium?"

"Sell you five hundred," said The Broker promptly.

But The City Editor shook his head and told The Broker that he wasn't quite quick enough this time.

Friday, June 18, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Like the sleep of the just (5).
4. There 's a glass front to this complimentary speech (9).
8. An evergreen (7).
9. Seems to be making some progress, this doubtful relative (7).
10. This animal sounds empty (4).
11. Walk like Bob resting (5).
12. This school possesses tone (4).
15. This French girl starts prophetically (5).
16. "Hoots, mon!" might greet this impossible wine (7).
18. He may send you off and then take what you can well spare (7).
21. They don't sit on him when he 's arrested (5).
23. Voluble, if unconvincing (4).
24. This this signifies (5).
25. Musically in the soup (4).
28. Has made in confusion and is covered with it (7).
29. Avenger (Anagram) (7).
30. Might be sure, O Nero, but it 's really mistaken (9).
31. Took a meal (5).

DOWN.

1. Leading actor apparently suffering from ennui at sea (9).
2. Taken by the angry man (7).
3. In this No. 12 Across is to go with a bang (4).
4. Father's age is a game (7).
5. Girl's name (4).
6. A foreign dish (7).
7. This ecclesiastic must be a hundred soon (5).
9. Converted loans (5).
13. A large number after the Bohemian girl to get copy (5).
14. Purely a family affair (5).
17. Excel (9).
19. Might be therein, or in there, or perhaps this (7).
20. The mark of a great reader (5).
21. Do these make wharfingers sympathetic to their hands? (7).
22. To make it clear, scrambled eggs were apparently not wanted (7).
23. Days of this have no particular charm (5).
26. Finally an article about me (4).
27. Far from young (4).

The 17 h.p. Town and Country Saloon £495 (ex works).

AN Armstrong Siddeley is the safest car in the world to drive. The comfort and visibility of its coachwork are outstanding. The easy controls allow the driver to keep all his attention on the road. The hands never leave the steering wheel; the engine is very responsive with specially rapid acceleration. The brakes are powerful, smooth and progressive. These are the refinements you get in an Armstrong Siddeley and in addition you have a pedigree car built to aero-engine standards, an individually-produced car with coachbuilt bodywork, a car tested at every stage of manufacture and with a great reputation for reliability and endurance, a car that will give many years of faithful service and command a good price when the time comes to buy another. When a man wants real quality he buys an Armstrong Siddeley.

THE TOWN and *Country* Saloon

Also available on the new 20/25 h.p. chassis at £595 (ex works)

Write for our interesting catalogue "SK" and let us arrange a trial through your local agent.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LIMITED COVENTRY

LONDON: 10 OLD BOND STREET W.1 — Agents in all principal centres. — MANCHESTER: 35 KING STREET WEST

BUY A QUALITY CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

THERE are many motorists who still regard their cars as carriages. They depend upon them for going shopping, visiting friends, running to the golf-course, and so on. Often they motor purely for pleasure, driving round the countryside near their homes for the sake of a little distraction. To such people the coachwork is as important—if not more important—as the chassis. Provided that the latter is reliable and efficient, they do not much care whether the engine has four cylinders or six, or the gear-box three speeds or four. If they keep a chauffeur, even maintenance does not worry them, but if they are owner-drivers they naturally expect the car should require the minimum of looking after. Such motorists, too, invariably keep their cars spotlessly clean and would be ashamed to make even the shortest journey unless the body had been scrupulously washed and polished.

*The 4½-*LITRE LAGONDA SALOON *is a really fine British car. It is hand-built throughout, and has a speed of 94 m.p.h. and a petrol consumption of 15 m.p.g. It is notable for the wonderful flexibility of the engine, and at the price of £1125, is undoubtedly one of the least expensive cars in the true luxury class.*

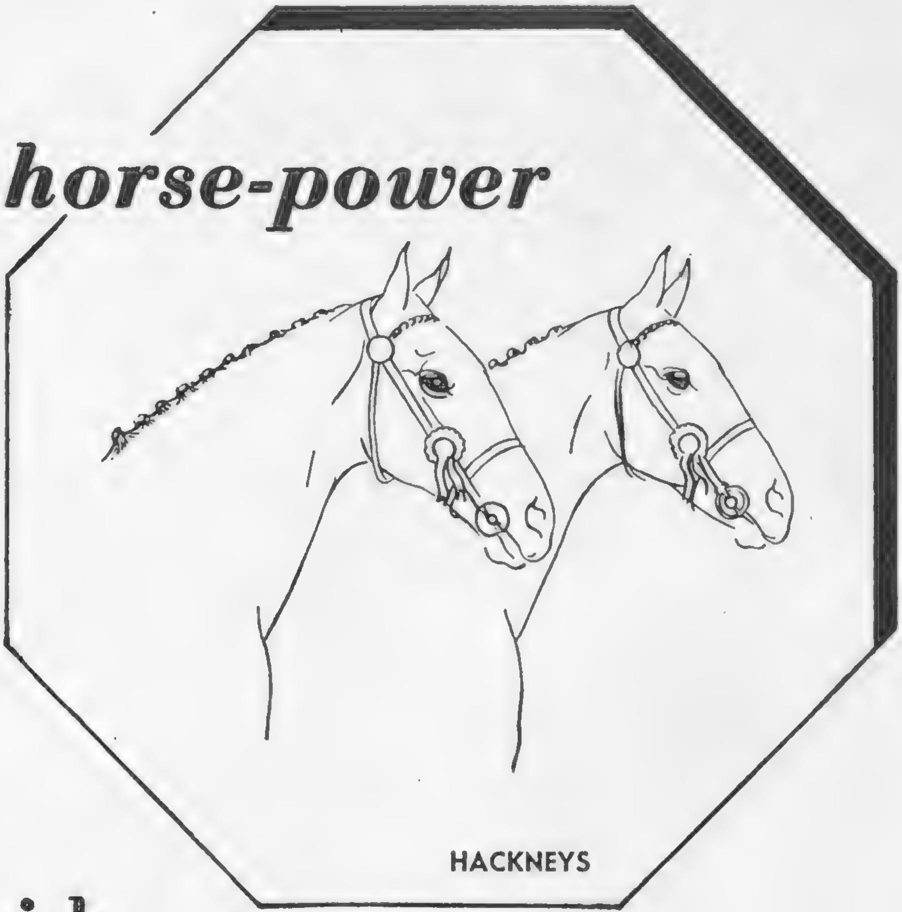
It is to this type of car-owner, found mainly among those who enjoy a fair amount of leisure, that the Talbot "Seventy-five" will particularly appeal. It is a fine car of the highest class, and one may feel justifiably proud of it in any company. The descendant of a long line of cars famous on road and track, it has the inbred stability, the accuracy of control, of a racing car, with the silence, smoothness, and general refinement of the most sedate motor-carriage. Recently I tested the Talbot "Seventy-five" sports saloon. The epithet "sports" is given, in this case, not to define the characteristics of the chassis so much as those of the body. The chassis does not differ, in fact, from that of the ordinary saloon, but the lines of the coachwork are fleeter, the tail more gracefully streamlined, and the luggage-compartment is able to accommodate sports gear, such as guns, golf clubs, or tennis rackets. For a long tour, of course, it will carry a large amount of luggage.

The body-work is superlatively finished; every detail has been attended to by craftsmen - coachbuilders, and one would not expect to find better workmanship on a specially-built body costing alone more than the Talbot car costs complete. The front windows are fitted with swivelling panels, giving draughtless ventilation, and there are, in addition, ventilators on each side of the scuttle. The seats are beautifully upholstered in real leather, and the interior woodwork is magnificently finished. Grace and dignity characterise a body which is modern without being *outré*. The chassis of the Talbot "Seventy-five" is thoroughly well tried, having been on the market a number of years. Although fundamentally unchanged, it has, of course, been improved in detail, so that the latest models,

[Continued overleaf.

TWO *extra horse-power*

WITH "BP" ETHYL BECAUSE IT



If yours is, for example, a 12 h.p. car, and you are using an unsuitable petrol which causes "pinking," your engine is probably developing only 10 h.p. By changing over to "BP" Ethyl you can banish "pinking" and get two extra horse-power. This is because "BP" Ethyl is specially made to suit the modern high-compression engine.

Banishes Pinking

The Revelations of a Distinguished Traveller

This 24″ model (R.21) is in choice Cowhide of superb quality with hand-stitched corners and finest Chromium-Plated Fittings.

£5 . 15 . 0

Below you see two pieces of fine luggage recently purchased by a well-known traveller and his wife.

Like most experienced travellers, he always specifies Revelation—and not only because it is considered the smartest thing in luggage or because it is exceptionally strong and light. . . .

He will tell you how a Revelation always has reserve space . . . how he can make it any size he wants—whether he is going away for a week-end, a week or a month—how he can close it always with perfect ease—however full he packs it. . . .

He will tell you in fact, "a Revelation never lets you down."

. . .

All Revelations in Leather or Vulcanised Fibre are

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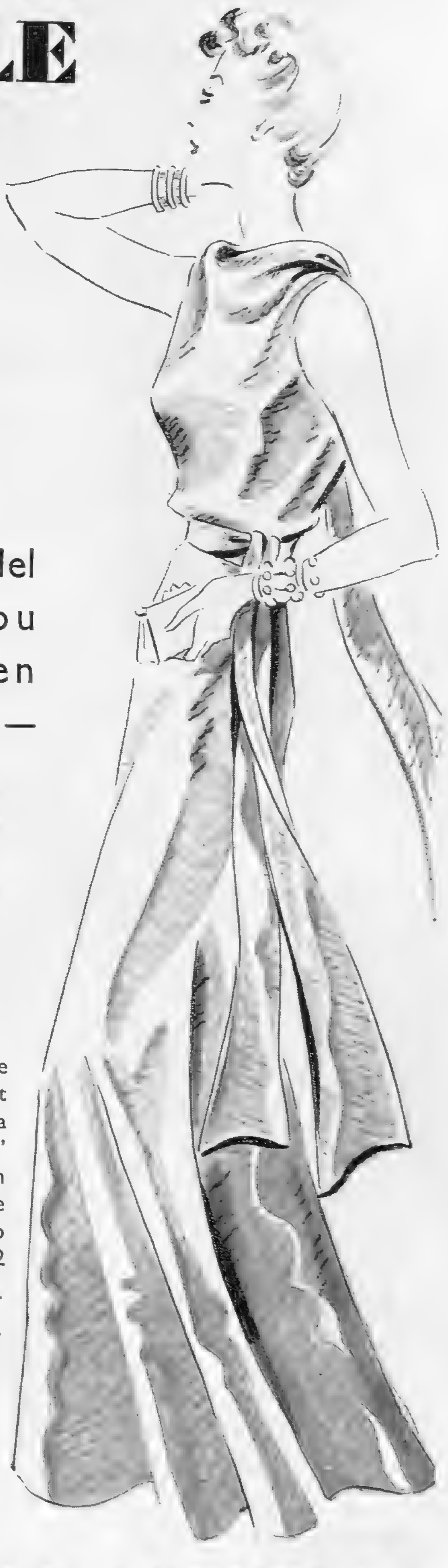

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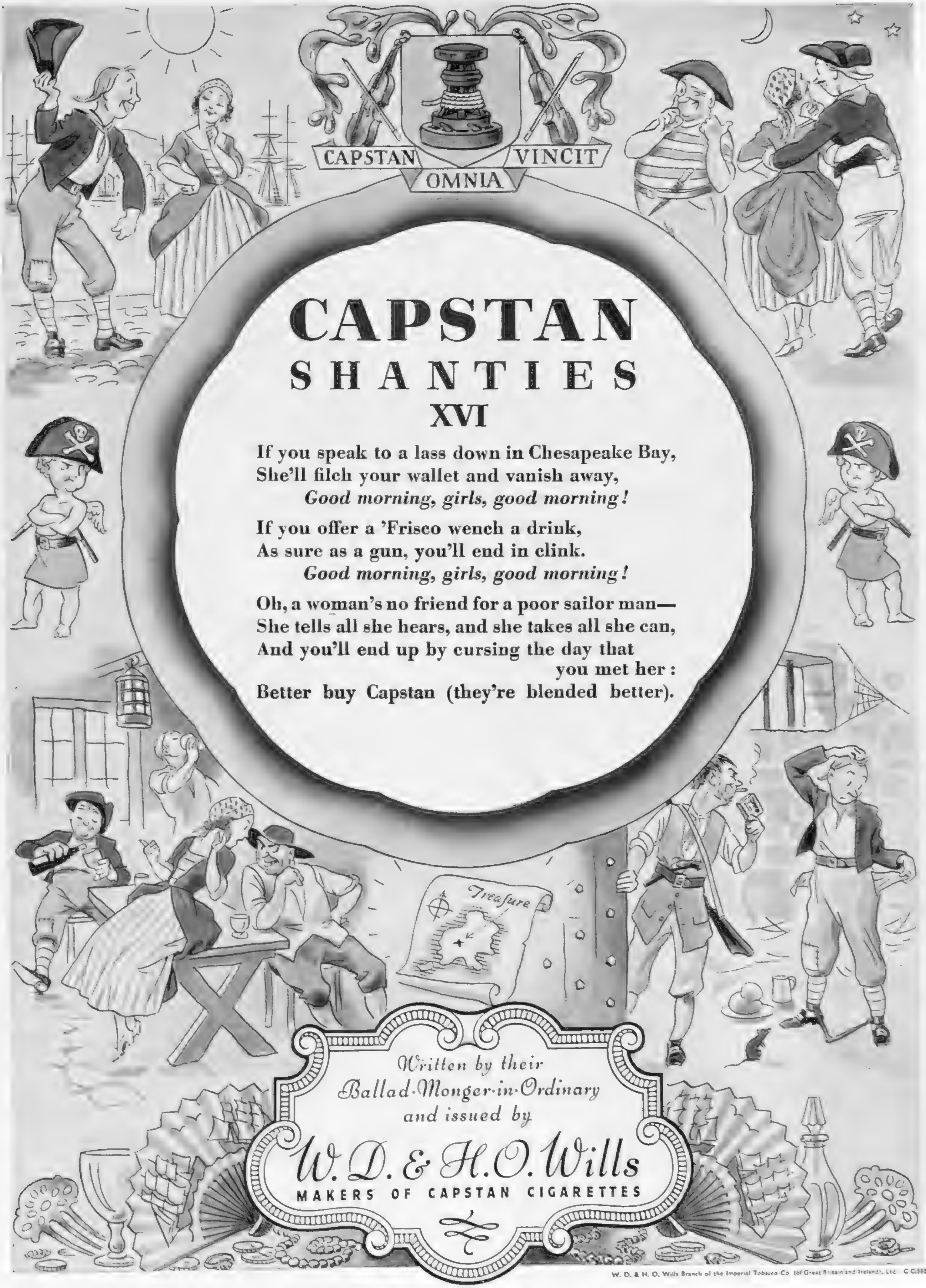

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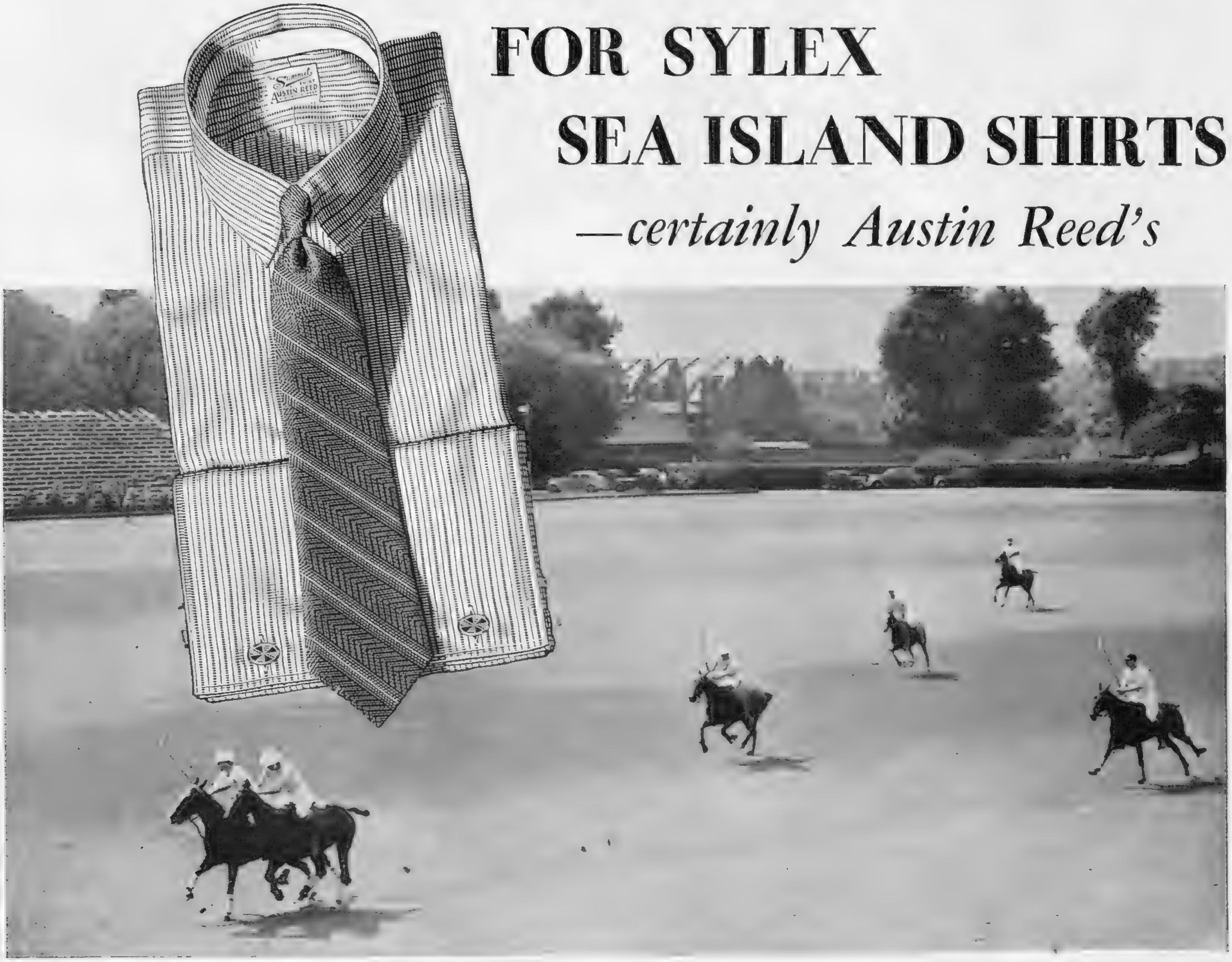

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Continued.]

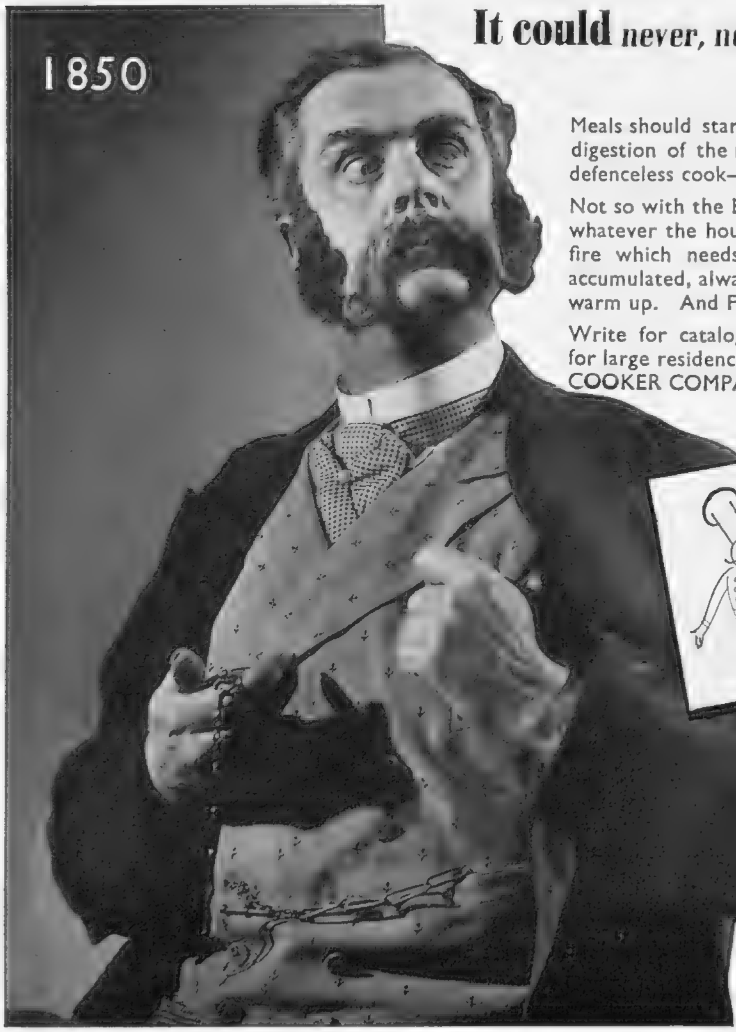
while being capable of about the same performance as the earlier editions, are smoother and quieter. The engine does not develop any tendency to pink when run on ordinary Ethyl petrol, and, like the rest of the gear-box and transmission, is notably quiet mechanically.

The steering is very light and has a pleasant degree of caster action. At all ordinary speeds it is accurate to a hair, though at speeds of over a mile a minute I would have preferred a little more firmness about the front; but this is purely a matter of individual taste. The centrally-controlled gear-box is of the synchromesh type, so that double-declutching is not necessary when changing up from second to third, or between third and top. The brakes, as on all Talbots, are splendid; a relatively small amount of pedal movement expands the brake-shoes with considerable power, and there is no tendency for the brakes to "fade," even after long and strenuous use, such as they would get when driving fast in mountainous countries, or on roads thick with traffic. The engine runs remarkably cool, a great point, this, when touring in the Alps or where much traffic driving is done. The "Seventy-five" Talbot sports saloon, which sells at £435, will appeal to a great many people on account of its smart, though dignified, appearance and gentlemanly behaviour. It is not an expensive car to maintain, for the tax is only £13 10s. per annum and the petrol and oil consumptions are strictly reasonable.

The DAIMLER LIGHT "TWENTY" SALOON *in our photograph is posed by Conway Castle, North Wales. Whether driven at a mere crawl through city traffic or at high speeds on fast, cross-country touring, this car has the same silky performance and tireless armchair control. The price is £675.*

A NEW TYPE OF RALLY.

The M.G. Car Club is running a highly original type of rally on the Continent between July 23 and Aug. 11. It is quite the most sporting event of its kind ever arranged, for besides enabling the participants to see the thrilling German Grand Prix at the Nürburg Ring, and the intensely exciting Grand Prix de Monaco, which is run through the streets of Monte Carlo, it includes taking part in the Paris-Nice trial and the classic La Turbie Hill-climb. Best of all, perhaps, is the news that the programme includes a speed trial round the Monaco circuit, counting towards the awards in the Paris-Nice trial. Otherwise this rally seems planned to provide a marvellous series of parties. The champagne cellars of Rheims will be visited, followed by a special champagne lunch. The Paris Exhibition authorities are planning to entertain the competitors, and at Montluçon, in the middle of the Paris-Nice trial, the Dunlop Rubber Company and the Automobile Club are giving a gala dinner. On arrival at Cannes there will be a special dinner at the Palm Beach Casino, followed two days later by another banquet for the competitors at Nice. Full particulars can be obtained from Mr. F. L. M. Harris, of *The Sports Car* (the M.G. owners' magazine), 30, Holborn, London, E.C.1.



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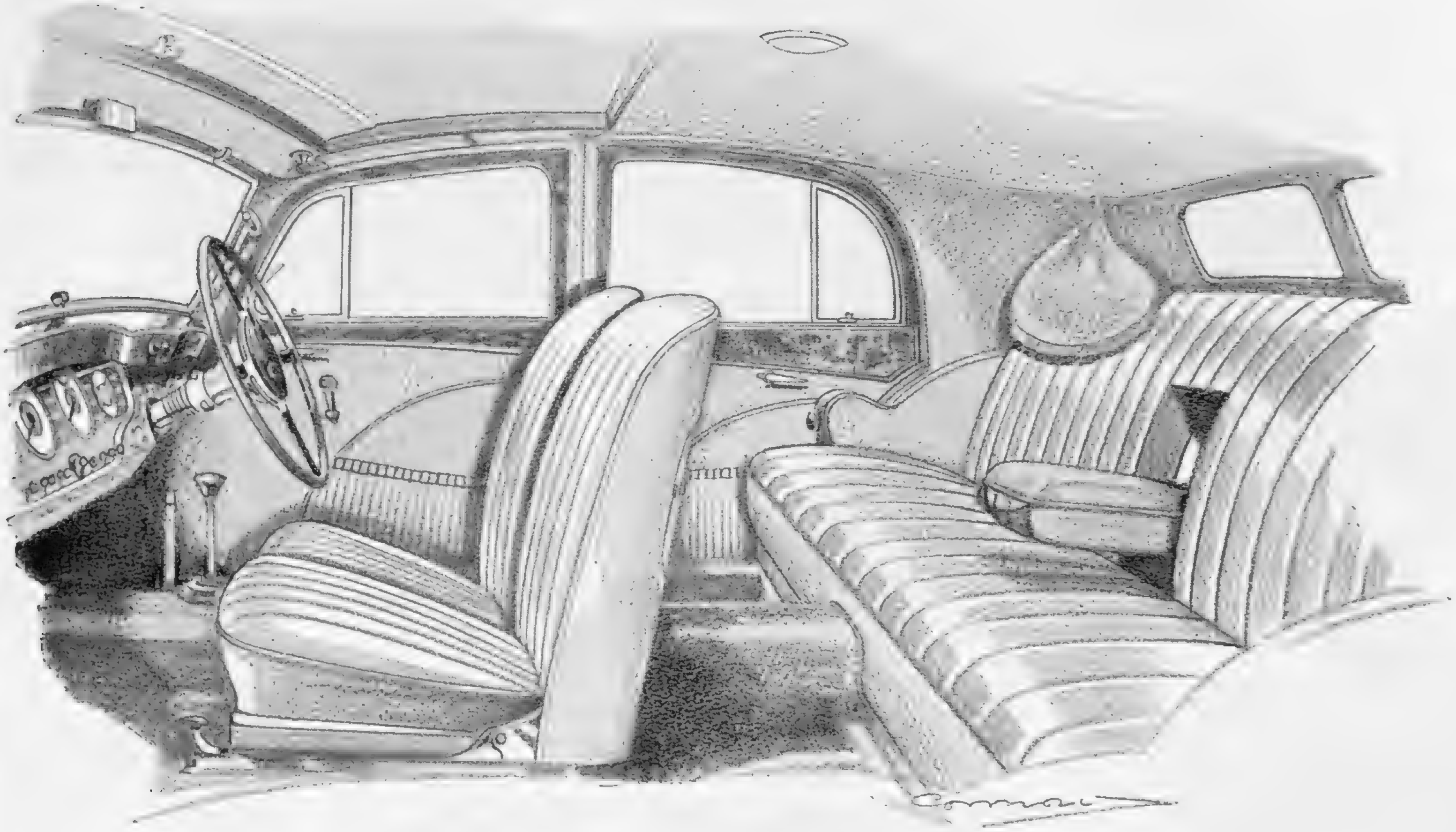

for space
for grace
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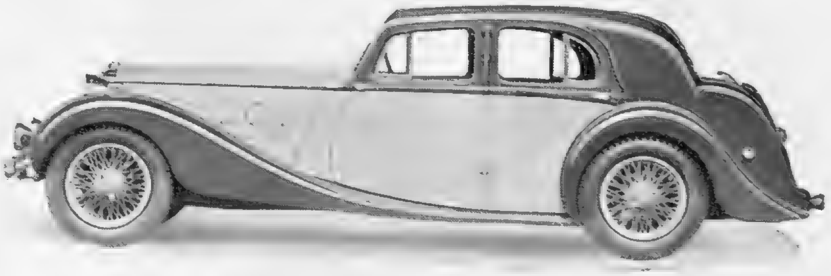

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N.2.

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

THE American Open produced a surprise winner in Ralph Guldahl, who, to most people in this country, is something of a mystery man in golf. It is strange, but a fact, that the United States Open has produced an unexpected result almost every year since Bobby Jones gained his last victory in 1930. Last year there was Tony Manero, the previous year Sam Parks, and now Guldahl, who won with 281, the lowest aggregate ever returned in this championship. Two years ago a bookmaker would have gladly given you odds of 200 to 1 and taken your money with a pitying smile had you wished to back Guldahl to win the American title, or, for that matter, any big tournament. And yet, two years previously, Guldahl had missed a putt of eight feet on the last green to tie for the American Open Championship, which Mr. John Goodman won in 1933. Guldahl was only just twenty-one at the time, but he had been playing in professional tournaments for four or five

The Ladies' Scottish Foursomes organised by the "Bystander" took place at Gleneagles Hotel Course last week, this being their fourteenth year. MISS JESSIE ANDERSON, *the new Open Champion, who partnered Miss Wanda Morgan, the present English and ex-Open Champion, is seen driving off from the seventeenth tee.*

years, and a veteran professional standing beside the last green at that championship then remarked, "He's just shot himself right through the heart. As a star golfer, the boy is dead from now on." That prediction appeared to be correct, for Guldahl could not win prizes in tournament play, had difficulty in getting a professional appointment during the "slump," and gave up golf altogether for some time and became a motor-car salesman. Last year he came back to the game and won the Western Open with a record score of 274 for that event. This success set him going again, and in spite of the fact that he was not then a member of the Professional Golfers' Association and could not compete in all the events last year, he won nearly 8,000 dollars in prize money, and the Radix trophy, which is presented for the lowest average score of the year. Guldahl's score for 65 rounds averaged 71·63! That seems to dispose of the idea that Guldahl is not a worthy champion. Naturally he gains his place in the Ryder Cup team, which is just about due in England now.

MRS. FOREST'S *Old English Sheepdog, Bing, was very interested in the putting practice of* MRS. NORMAN IORNS *before the opening of the Scottish Ladies' Foursomes organised by the "Bystander," which were this year played for the first time over the King's Course at Gleneagles Hotel.*

Many Experienced Players.

He and Tony Manero, the Open Champion last year, Sam Snead, who finished second to Guldahl, and Byron Nelson, who finished only twentieth in the American Open, but gained his place by previous tournament successes, are for the first time playing for the United States in this match. The other members of the team—Gene Sarazen, who has played in every Ryder Cup match, Horton Smith, who has played in four, Densmore Shute, Henry Picard, Johnny Revolta and Ed. Dudley—have all previously played for America in this contest, but not all of them in matches in this country. Shute is the American match-play champion, and we know his ability—he tied for the British Open after failing to win the deciding match in the last Ryder Cup contest at

This photograph gives some idea of the beauty of GLENEAGLES HOTEL *golf-course, where the Scottish Ladies' Foursomes organised by the "Bystander" took place last week. There was a full entry of 128 couples.*

Southport. He is to play Henry Cotton for £500, and I do not think Cotton will run away with the match. But most of the players on the United States side have been selected on their reputations as stroke-play tournament winners. There is no doubt that the proper method of winning matches is to play against the par of each hole and not the actual opponent, but that is a very difficult thing to do.

Our Visitors are Handicapped.

In this respect I regard the American team as even more experimental than the home side, and as I have said before, I think the match will be one-sided; either we shall win by a big margin or lose similarly. Last time we won by a match and have never been beaten in this country yet. There is a possibility that we may win by more than that next week, and I shall be disappointed if we do not win by many points, since our visitors have handicapped themselves with only about a week to practise in this country.

Our New Champion.

A tribute must be paid to Miss Jessie Anderson, our new lady champion, who won her title at beautiful Turnberry—one of the most pleasant meetings I have attended for a long time. It was unfortunate that so many important clashings came early in the meeting and that our overseas visitors met one another too frequently in the early matches. But I think Miss Anderson would have won in any event. She played the soundest golf of the championship. Miss Anderson is a living demonstration of effortless golf. She is too slight to hit the ball hard, or at least to appear to do so, but she can drive very much farther than most of us week-end golfers, and far more accurately! What undoubtedly enabled her to win was her control of the ball, but the nerve strain was obvious in her tears of joy when her plucky opponent, Miss Doris Park, congratulated her on the last green of the match. Miss Park would not have been beaten, I think, had she putted as well in the final as she had during the week. Using an old cleek putter which had belonged to her father, the late Willie Park, the most famous putter ever to win the Open Championship, she holed out wonderfully with a stabbing kind of stroke. But the club failed at the crucial time and would not help her in the final.

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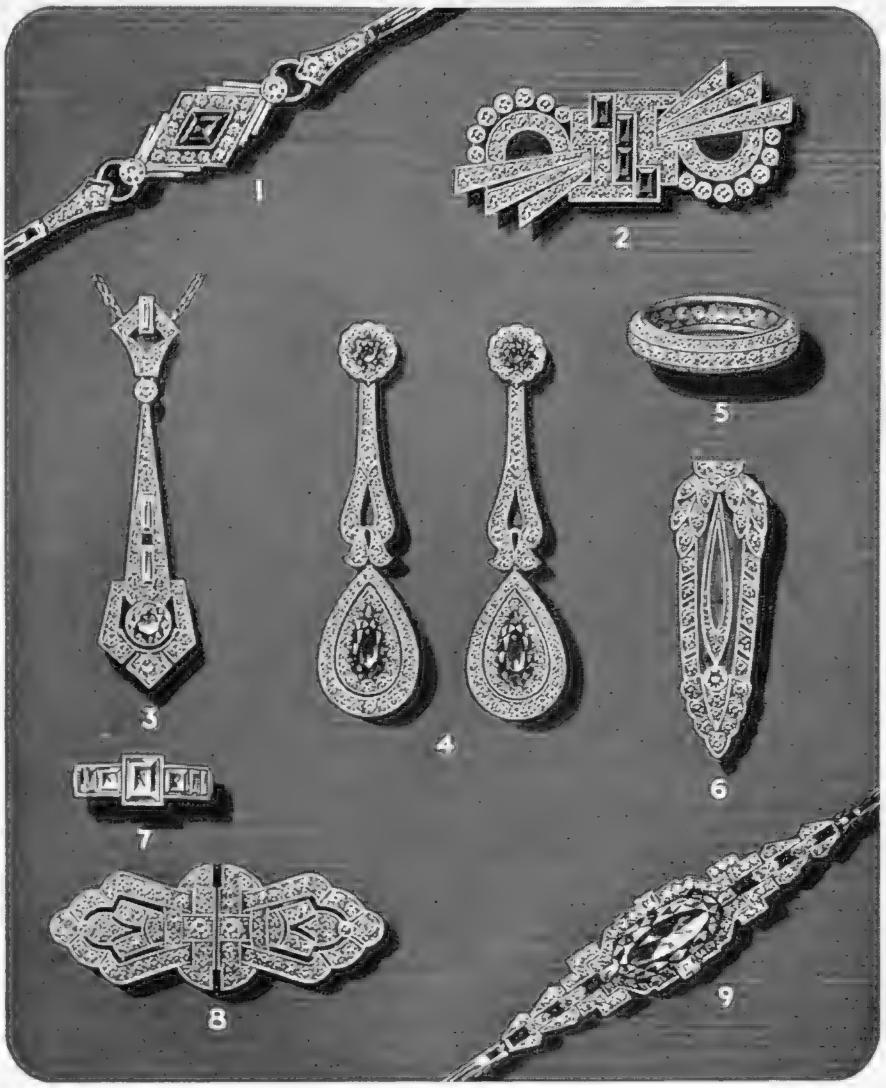

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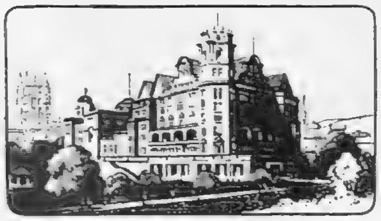

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MARIEGOLD IN THE GALLERIES.

THOSE who love the macabre and the green half-twilight that dwells in the surrealist subconscious will find a great stimulant waiting for them at the Mayor Gallery, where Max Ernst is showing. Paintings had been sold when I arrived, including "Femme Chancelante" and another which suggested Salvador Dali. In fact, though not equal in execution to Dali, Ernst comes a pretty good second to him, running, perhaps, neck and neck with Chirico. Birds' heads are featured largely, and some of the jungle pictures of green and viscid undergrowth, with lizards, are brilliantly done. Others have long, monotonous hill-lines in a wild cactus country. Well and meticulously painted. Socialite intelligentsia there on Private View day included Messrs. Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell, Lady Julia Pakenham, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Rothschild, and Captain "Dick" Wyndham. Here is the beginning of a poem of dedication to Max Ernst from Paul Eluard, Englished by "R. P." and taken from the catalogue—

> Devoured by feathers and submitted to the sea He has left his shadow in the flight Of the birds of liberty . . .

. . . .

Miss Jenkins' exhibition at the Wertheim, of "Forgotten Beauty for the Eye and Ear," takes us back to 1290, the date of the earliest "rubbing." In music it goes back to Byrde, 1548. Miss Jenkins has ranged up and down England, from county to county, taking brass rubbings from the naves of ancient churches and from tombs, and some are beautiful. She has combined music with art, and her Private View last week was so full that when she started playing the piano imported into the gallery for the event, many viewers sat on the floor to listen, entranced. An unusual and fascinating entertainment. The names on the brasses run from "Sir R. de Boselyngthorpe, c. 1290," to "G. Coles and two Wives, 1640," and are full of romance. Miss Jenkins plays delightfully; her repertoire includes Peerson's "Fall of the Leafe"; Purcell; and Byrde—"Pavana the Earle of Salisbury and Galiardo." She plays twice each afternoon. Sir William Rothenstein, Lady Edgar Bonham-Carter, and Mr. Mostyn Lewis, from the Courtauld Institute, were people at the Private View, and a young Scot, Mr. Don Gemmell, who acted with Marlene Dietrich in "Knight Without Armour."

. . . .

After Cézanne, at the Lefevre, the July show will be something to look forward to. It is a selection of nineteenth-century French paintings, and will include two large and very important pictures—an early Corot and an interesting Monet; also works by Jean Hugo, represented in various galleries and museums, but who has not had a show in London yet. Dr. Honeyman, who was telling me all this, is the author of a book everyone is reading—"Introducing Leslie Hunter," that young painter of genius whose work is just coming into its own. It is a very charming book, a great feature being excellent reproductions of his pictures, many of them very well done in colour. A book to possess.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(*Continued from Page 644.*)

"Basic Physical Training." The method of mental and physical training known as the "Margaret Morris Movement" has a successful history of twenty-five years behind it; and the founder has had the happy thought of putting her system—or at any rate part of it—in the possession of a much wider public than could be reached by the activities of her School. One associates her name with dancing, and her system is distinguished from other systems by its insistence on the æsthetic side of physical culture. Our bodies being "anatomically masterpieces of balanced construction," she observes, "all movements performed for the establishment of health *must* combine the æsthetic as well as the medical values of movement." The diagrams with which "Basic Physical Training" is copiously illustrated bear this out; they are a pleasure to the eye. Nor is the ear neglected: gramophone records are recommended for making the exercises more harmonious and bringing into play the greatest number of the pupils' faculties. The book comes with appreciations from several well-known authorities on physical culture, Lord Cholmondeley, Miss Wolesley-Lewis, and Mr. Harper; the British Army and the Olympic Athletic team recognise the value of Miss Morris's methods; so let no intending strong man imagine that, in following her precepts, he is being trained in a namby-pamby school.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Crystal Cabinet. By Mary Butts. (*Methuen; 10s. 6d.*)
Lois in Love. By Lewis Gibbs. (*Dent; 7s. 6d.*)
Panic Spring. By Charles Norden. (*Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.*)
Basic Physical Training. By Margaret Morris. (*Heinemann; 10s. 6d.*)

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"JUDGMENT DAY" (Strand). 8.30.—Trial and counter-revolution in totalitarian State. Tense action; brilliant acting and production. Catherine Lacey, Ronald Adam, Freda Jackson, Glynis Johns.

"A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY" (Westminster). 8.30.—Turgeniev's brilliant comedy, with Gillian Scaife and Scott Sunderland.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"JANE EYRE" (Aldwych). 8.30.—Curigwen Lewis and Reginald Tate in the Brontë thriller.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"THE GREAT ROMANCER" (New). 8.30.—Robert Morley as Dumas in a wonderful piece of acting.

"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD" (Haymarket). 8.30.—Good dialogue and first-rate cast. Marie Ney, Keneth Kent, Dorothy Hyson.

"PAGANINI" (Lyceum). 8.30.—Operette with music by Franz Lehar, with Richard Tauber in full song, and Evelyn Laye.

"THE CONSTANT WIFE" (Globe). 8.30.—Somerset Maugham's witty play, with Ruth Chatterton as the wife.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—The further adventures of Marion Lorne, with a thrilling finish.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Savoy). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!), with Ralph Richardson.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"LOST HORIZON" (Tivoli).—Ronald Colman finds Utopia.

"STORM IN A TEACUP" (Leicester Square Theatre).—A lively and well-acted version of the successful stage comedy.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"I MET HIM IN PARIS" (Carlton).—Claudette Colbert takes a holiday and chooses a husband.

"MISTER FLOW" (Curzon).—A French crook comedy.

"ONE IN A MILLION" (Regal).—The romance of a skating champion, starring Sonja Henie.

"DER AMMENKOENIG" (Studio One).—Entertaining German comedy adapted from Max Dreyer's banned play

"THE FROG" (New Gallery).—Gordon Harker in the well-known Edgar Wallace thriller.

"TURN OFF THE MOON" (Plaza).—Charlie Ruggles in a light-hearted musical extravaganza.

"BEHIND YOUR BACK" (Carlton).—An amusing conversation-piece.

"LOVE IS NEWS" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—A fast-moving comedy of publicity campaigns, starring Tyrone Power and Loretta Young.

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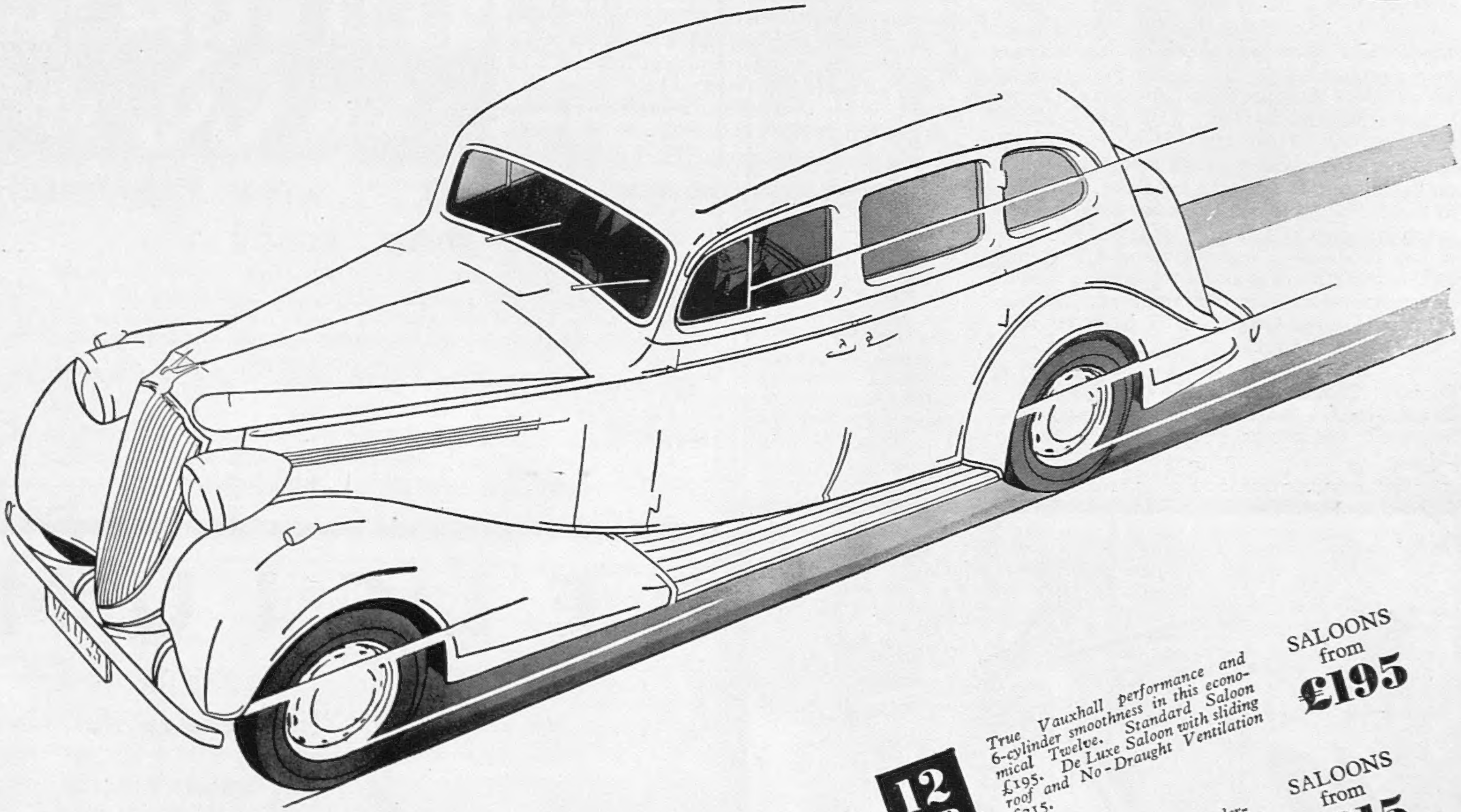

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCIV.

DEFENSIVE OPENING BIDS.

IN an earlier article on this subject it was said that the informative double is a grand safety-valve for defensive opening bids. Not everybody will agree—indeed, I know one or two experts take the exactly opposite view. I remember in the old auction days, at which game I was—and still am—all in favour of the weak no-trump bid, one expert—and he is an expert worth listening to—said: "Oh, yes, no doubt. But the informative double has now put paid to these weak no-trumpers," or words to that effect. For the life of me I cannot follow this line of argument. My view is that once your opening bid has been doubled your troubles are over—at least, your only trouble is your partner, and you may remember my advice to said partner is that, except under very unusual circumstances, he should pass up the informative double and allow opponent on his left to struggle out of the trap set for him as best he may. I am speaking, of course, about English players and the way they handle this double. They all, every single one, with perhaps one per cent. excepted, insist on taking out the double made by partner; in fact, they think they *must* take it out.

Often, when my partner has doubled, and it has been taken out by opponent on his left, my partner has asked me what I would have done had the bid come up to me. "I would have left it in," I have replied. "Oh, but you couldn't," my partner would reply. "You 're bound to take out my double. Please do—always—don't forget." Often, too, I have left in my partner's double. Partner is horrified. He says: "But, partner, surely—you can't—you must . . ." But, as nothing can alter the situation, the game proceeds and I get a black mark. (Incidentally, I have different ideas about the "take-out" from those laid down by most experts. I hold that the *weaker* your hand, the more readily you should leave the double in; others say, only leave in the double when you see a good chance of inflicting a penalty on opponents—*i.e.*, when you, too, have a strong hand. Dear, dear, how they do love inflicting a penalty on an opponent who has been caught on an improper bid! They never think of the cases—which, of course, are by far the more numerous—when the penalty is inflicted on their own side, thanks to doubling and insisting on partner taking it out on rubbish!)

Personally, therefore, I welcome an informative double—an adverse one, *not* one made by my partner. Then I know opponents have reduced their attacking power by at least fifty per cent., have got me out of my possible trouble, and, in all probability, got themselves into a tangle instead.

So, I repeat, the informative double is a grand safety-valve for defensive opening bids at contract. I would not mind opening on nothing at all, provided I was sure of two things—one, that my bid would be doubled; two, that my partner would keep silent.

Here are two examples of what I mean—

B
Spades—10, x, x.
Hearts—A, K.
Clubs—x, x, x.
Diamonds—x, x, x, x, x.

Y
Spades—K, x.
Hearts—Q, Kn, 10.
Clubs—A, Kn, 10, x.
Diamonds—K, Q, 9, 8.

Z
Spades—Q, Kn, x.
Hearts—9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4.
Clubs—x, x, x.
Diamonds—A.

A
Spades—A, 9, 8, 7, 6.
Hearts—x, x.
Clubs—K, Q, x.
Diamonds—Kn, x, x.

A, one spade; Y, double; B, no bid; Z, two hearts. A, no bid; Y, no bid!; B, no bid.

Here, you see, the weak opening bid, combined with the informative double, saved the game.

B
Spades—Q, x, x.
Hearts—K, x, x.
Clubs—Kn, 10, x, x.
Diamonds—x, x, x.

Y
Spades—Kn, 10, 9.
Hearts—x, x, x.
Clubs—K, x, x, x.
Diamonds—A, x, x.

Z
Spades—x, x, x.
Hearts—A, Q, Kn, x.
Clubs—A, x, x.
Diamonds—K, x, x.

A
Spades—A, K, x, x.
Hearts—x, x, x.
Clubs—Q, x.
Diamonds—Q, x, x, x.

A, one spade; Y, no bid; B, no bid; Z, double. A, no bid; Y, two clubs; B, no bid; Z, two hearts. A, no bid; Y, no bid; B, no bid.

Here A must be three down. The informative double came to his rescue.

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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'Duggie' explains—

Why the controversy?

Sir Edward : " There was a heated controversy at ' Noodles ' last night as to the merits of betting with the ' Tote ' or bookmakers."

Duggie : " All ended indefinitely, I suppose."

Sir Edward : " Very. That 's really why I came to see you. Quite candidly, what is your opinion ? "

Duggie : " To arrive at the merits of both systems of betting one must take into account the class of animal backed."

Sir Edward : " I hardly follow you."

Duggie : " If the horses are public fancies, usually called ' form ' horses, then there is no question that the bookmakers' odds are more consistently favourable."

Sir Edward : " Ah, I begin to understand. These are the horses that appeal most to backers."

Duggie : " Yes, but if one wanted to back outsiders, i.e., horses with no form or (on paper) no pretension to winning, then I 'll be perfectly honest and admit that ' Tote ' prices would be advantageous."

Sir Edward : " Very clearly put, Duggie. I suppose such horses only attract a lone backer here and there. These points had not occurred to me. Next time I 'll be able to take active part in the argument. Of course, you are only referring to win bets. How does place betting compare ? "

Duggie : " Bookmakers' odds are far and away the best. I think this is generally recognised, but with all due respect to your fellow members, I really cannot see the occasion for any controversy."

Sir Edward : " But surely you 'll admit that a man is entitled to place his bets where he gets the best odds ? "

Duggie : " Exactly, that 's just my point, my clients can bet whichever way they like—' Tote ' or Starting Price—and if they prefer the ' Tote ' they have the further advantage of 5 per cent. added to their win bets and 25 per cent. to their place bets."

Sir Edward : " Wonderful ! You certainly live up to your reputation."

" Duggie Explains " series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

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